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The Week

LAST week the conflict between the American Railway Union and the railways was almost lost sight of in the conflicts between the mobs and the authorities. The history of the industrial struggle may be stated in a few words. Very few strikers have returned to work, and the territory in which the roads are tied up has been somewhat extended. It is true that the older railway unions—the "Brotherhoods"—have refused to sustain the Pullman boycott, but the engineers and conductors on many Western roads have observed the rule—written or unwritten—not to work with new men engaged to take strikers' places. It is this attitude on the part of members of the older orders which has kept several railroads from attempting to supply the places of the strikers. The new head of the Knights of Labor—Mr. Sovereign—has perfervidly declared his readiness to call out every member of that order; and the latest reports are that the call has been authorized by the Advisory Board. There are innumerable indications that the strike fever is in the air. In Chicago the Typographical Union—one of the most intelligent of the labor organizations—early expressed its readiness to join in the strike whenever such action may be of service; and the Building Trades Council toward the end of last week passed resolutions "in favor of a general cessation of all industries throughout the country, provided the demand for arbitration is not conceded." On Monday of this week a general meeting of the Chicago trades-unions was held, which, after denouncing the action of the Federal authorities, voted unanimously to stop work Tuesday afternoon unless the Pullman Company consented to arbitration. As we go to press this consent seems most unlikely, as the Vice-President of the Pullman Company replied on Monday to a citizens' committee as follows:

"We shall not allow any one to tell us how our business shall be conducted, and we shall not consent to arbitration. Our business is our own private affair, and we want no interference from Federal, or State, or any other Government."

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The conflicts between the mobs and the authorities have centered in Chicago, though military forces have been called into action in Indiana, in Alabama, and in several of the far Western States—the militia of California refusing to obey when ordered to charge upon the strikers at Sacramento. The history of the disorder at Chicago begins with the injunctions issued on Monday by the Federal Courts. These injunctions seem merely to have prohibited any unlawful interference with the running of trains. The leaders of the strike professed not to be concerned about them. On Tuesday, however, the United States Marshal, District Attorney, and Judge certified to President Cleveland that, in their judgment, it was impracticable to execute the orders of the Court without the assistance of the United States troops. The President thereupon ordered to Chicago eight companies of infantry, two troops of cavalry, and a battery of light artillery. The day following, the regulars without difficulty raised the blockade at Blue Island, but in Chicago the disorder increased after their arrival. On Thursday the mobs gathered to the number of twenty-five thousand, burned several signal-towers, and repeatedly obstructed the tracks by the upsetting of cars. The Federal troops were helpless before such an uprising, and reinforcements were ordered to the scene. The same day Governor Altgeld telegraphed to President Cleveland protesting against the presence of the Federal troops. He declared that the disorders had been "wildly exaggerated" by the press, and urged that only by a stretch of the authority conferred upon the President by the statute of 1861 could Federal troops now be ordered into the State of Illinois when the State troops were able and willing to repress disorder. "We have stationed in Chicago alone," he said, "three regiments of infantry, one battery, and one troop of cavalry. They have not been ordered out because nobody in Cook County, whether official or private citizen, asked to have their assistance. If any assistance were needed, the State stood ready to furnish one hundred men for every one man required." President Cleveland replied briefly that he had acted upon the demands of the Post-Office Department and the Federal Court at Chicago, and "upon abundant proof that conspiracies existed against commerce between the States." In ordering the Federal troops to Chicago, he said, there was "no intention of thereby interfering with the plain duty of the local authorities to preserve the peace of the city." He declined to withdraw the troops. Governor Altgeld replied to this in a long dispatch, arguing that President Cleveland had violated the principles of local self-government. The President responded with the following brief but telling message:

While I am still persuaded that I have neither transcended my authority nor duty in the emergency that confronts us, it seems to me that, in this hour of danger and public distress, discussion may well give way to active effort on the part of all in authority to restore obedience to law and to protect life and property.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

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Meanwhile the disorder greatly increased. On Friday a railway station and over two hundred freight-cars were burned in Chicago, while at Kensington, near Pullman, the mob threw cars off the track and stoned the deputies. At this point two of the strikers were shot. For the first time, say the dispatches, the city of Chicago was thoroughly alarmed. The railroads called upon the Mayor for protection, and declared that the city would be held responsible for losses. Mayor Hopkins called upon Governor Altgeld for aid, and the State militia was immediately ordered out. Altogether 10,000 troops—5,000 militia, 3,300 police, and 1,200 regulars—were now massed in Chicago. As regards damages, the Mayor claimed that the city could not be held responsible, inasmuch as the railroads had "ignored its

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authority and placed themselves under Federal protection." He added that they had been "grossly overstated by the newspapers and railway managers," and would not exceed $10,000. At first it was feared that there was antagonism between the Illinois forces and the regulars. General Miles quieted this apprehension by stating that the work of the Federal troops was the protecting of trains, while the work of the local troops was the general protection of property and the maintenance of law and order. Despite the presence of the troops, the rioting continued. Early Saturday morning some of the mob threw stones at the militia guarding a force of wreckers, and the troops returned the fire, killing one man and wounding seventeen others, chiefly Poles and Bohemians. On Sunday the scene of conflict was transferred to Hammond, Indiana—just across the State line—where the Federal troops fired upon a mob obstructing the passage of a train, killing or wounding four persons, two of whom were present by the merest chance. Fortunately for the cause of law and order, Governor Matthews, of Indiana, has given cordial support to the Federal troops. Meanwhile, however, the bitterness of feeling increased, and the crowds continually gathering about the railroads made the repression of disorder next to impossible. President Cleveland therefore issued a proclamation calling upon all law-abiding citizens in and about Chicago to remain away from the scenes of conflict, and warning them that henceforward they would be present at such scenes at their peril. This was followed on Monday by a similar proclamation covering the Western States. As we go to press, Tuesday afternoon, the disorders have abated.

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In order to give our readers the fullest statement from both sides of the present issue, we have obtained directly from Mr. Debs, the President of the American Railway Union, and from the General Managers' Association, representing the great railroad lines centering in Chicago, their respective statements of the present strike. Neither statement differs from those already familiar to our readers through the daily press. We give, however, so much of the former statement as may be regarded as a defense of the boycott. After reciting the history of the Pullman strike, substantially as we gave it last week, Mr. Debs adds:

> Convinced that injustice was being done to labor by the Pullman concern, the American Railway Union determined to come to the aid of the strikers by declaring a boycott upon Pullman cars. This we had hardly done when we discovered that all the railroads, those not using Pullman cars equally with those affected by our boycott, had entered into a combination, not merely to defeat our present purpose, but to smash labor organizations among railroad employees. The General Managers' Association makes no concealment of its purpose. Necessarily, therefore, the contest for justice to the Pullman employees has developed into a struggle for existence. We have had to extend the boycott until it now holds twenty-one lines in its grasp. We may have to call out allied workmen in the trades and on the inter-urban railways. I have absolute confidence that we will win this battle, win it without violence and in spite of the obvious connivance of the United States authorities and courts. I understand how serious a disaster to our cause violence or lawlessness would be, and I am commanding upon all my lieutenants regard for the law and respect for property rights.

The General Managers' Association's briefer statement we give in full:

> The General Managers' Association is fighting the strike instituted by the American Railway Union, because they fail to see the sense, reason, or justice of an attempt to club the Pullman Company over the heads of railroad companies which have no control over Mr. Pullman's affairs, either private or corporate, or any connection with the Pullman manufacturing interests. The question of Pullmanism is not recognized by the railroad companies. None of the railroad employees who have gone out on strike have any grievance that is known of against their employers. If they have any such grievance, they have not made it known to the railroad managers. The strike is purely a sympathetic strike. The General Managers' Association of Chicago does not propose to allow the American Railway Union to dictate how the railroad business shall be run, neither does the General Managers' Association propose to assist the American Railway Union in settling its difficulties with the Pullman Company. The General Managers' Association is a unit, and no man in it has any thought of compromise. The fight must be fought to a finish.

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Mr. Debs's official statement is the severest condemnation of the strike which he defends. He offers not the least evidence in support of his affirmation that the General Managers are endeavoring to "smash labor organizations among railroad employees." He suggests no justification for a system under which a wholly irresponsible organization, not recognized by either State or Nation, can hold twenty-one of the highways of the Nation "in its grasp." His avowed expectation that the Union will win "without violence" is already proved hopeless by the tragedies of the last week. His declaration that he regards violence as "a disaster to our cause" is inconsistent with his preceding declaration that the effort of the United States authorities to prevent and punish violence is "connivance" with the railroads. If so, then violence is the ally of the Union. The President of the United States is protecting the rights of labor; the President of the Railway Union is assaulting them. The issue is an absolutely simple one: it is whether the highways of the Nation are to be controlled by the American Railway Union, reinforced by murderous mobs, and the right to travel and to transport mails and freight is a right held at the pleasure of the American Railway Union and its officers. The American people have been increasingly restless under a system which puts the highways of the Nation under the monopolistic control of legal and orderly corporations; and The Outlook has freely and frequently criticised that system. But the American people will never exchange it for one which puts them under the control of a body like the American Railway Union, not recognized by the law, not obedient to it, and entirely oblivious of the interests, welfare, and rights of the public.

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The compromise Tariff Bill finally received the votes of all the Democratic Senators except Mr. Hill, of New York, and of the Populists except Mr. Peffer, of Kansas. The final vote stood 39 to 34. Before its passage an amendment offered by Senator Mills placing burlaps and grain-bags made therefrom on the free list was accepted, while an amendment offered by Senator Allen placing barbed wire on the free list was rejected. On the question of untaxed wire for fences, Senators Palmer, of Illinois; Brice, of Ohio; Smith, of New Jersey; Hill and Murphy, of New York; Gorman, of Maryland, and Caffery and Blanchard, of Louisiana, voted with the Republicans, giving a protectionist majority of 38 to 32. Before the final vote on the entire bill was taken, Senator Allen, of Nebraska, stated that he supported the measure in the hope that its objectionable feature, the sugar schedule, would be altered in the conference with the House, and Senator Smith, of New Jersey, stated that he supported it because its objectionable feature, the income tax, was enacted for only a limited term of years. Senator Hill defended his vote against his party on the ground that, when forced to choose between the present Republican law and the proposed Populist law, he preferred to stand with the Republicans. The Conference Committee named by the Vice-President consisted of Senators Voorhees, Harris, Vest, Jones (Arkansas), Sherman, Allison, and Aldrich. The

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conferees named by the Speaker of the House were: Messrs. Wilson (West Virginia), Montgomery (Kentucky), McMillin (Tennessee), Turner (Georgia), Reed (Maine), Burrows (Michigan), and Payne (New York). Among the House Democrats there is a strong sentiment in favor of insisting upon the removal of the protective duty from coal, iron ore, and refined sugar. The removal of all protection from manufactured sugar seems quite probable, inasmuch as all the Republican Senators have voted in its favor; but the narrowness of the tariff-reform majorities upon most of the contested points in the Senate makes radical modification of the compromise bill altogether improbable.

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The New York "Tribune" gives some facts with regard to the head of the new Bulgarian Ministry, Dr. Stoiloff, which will be of interest to readers of The Outlook who have followed the course of affairs in Bulgaria during the past few months. The successor of the able and adroit M. Stambuloff is the son of a prominent merchant of Philippopolis. He is between forty and fifty years of age, and has had the benefit of excellent educational opportunities, for he graduated at Robert College, in Constantinople—an institution which has been of immense service to the whole Balkan region—and was afterwards a student at Heidelberg. He spent several years in Paris, returning to Bulgaria in 1877. Two years later he took part in the Constitutional Convention at Tirnowo. Dr. Stoiloff seems early to have secured marked influence with Prince Alexander, whom he accompanied as secretary to the courts of Berlin, Vienna, and Constantinople. In 1883 he was sent to St. Petersburg as the diplomatic agent of the Government, but his stay was very short, and he soon returned to Sofia. His faithful support of Prince Alexander continued until the very end, and he was one of the Bulgarian leaders who, in the winter of 1877, went about trying to find a proper candidate for the vacant throne of Bulgaria, securing, after long negotiation, the acceptance of Prince Ferdinand. Dr. Stoiloff is described as a man of much more democratic instincts and habits than Stambuloff. In 1888 he returned to private life and the practice of the law. Later he came to the front again as one of the leaders of the Opposition, and he has now been called to the head of the Ministry formed upon the retirement of Stambuloff.

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The inaugural message of President Casimir-Périer was read in the French Senate and in the Chamber of Deputies on July 3. After characterizing President Carnot as an upright citizen and a vigilant guardian of French institutions, the new President expresses his consciousness of the weight of responsibility which rests upon him, and declares that France, which has shown itself capable of so much moral discipline and political virility under the most cruel tests, will be able to unite those social forces without which nations perish. He declares that it is his firm intention to hold office but a single term, and not to allow either a disregard or a proscription of the rights which the Constitution confers upon him. The recent expressions of sympathy received by France from other Governments permit that country to reaffirm her love of peace and her desire to remain the center of toleration and progress. The development of agriculture, trade, and commerce, the fortification of the public credit, indicate the lines upon which advance may be made. "Rivalry of individual ambitions is a permanent effort toward material and moral improvement, national expansion, and fertile thinking." The message was received with great applause in both Chambers, and is regarded as dignified, vigorous, and outspoken. It did not, however, please the Socialist members, one of whom interpreted it as an attempt to carry out a strictly personal policy, against which, he declared, it would be the duty of the Chamber to protest with its whole strength. Both in Paris and abroad the message is interpreted as moderate and conservative in its treatment of home affairs and as conciliatory in its comment on foreign affairs. The sudden elimination of the question of the Presidential succession from the situation has somewhat confused all parties, and there will probably be an interregnum of comparative political stagnation before the parties reconstruct their lines in accordance with the changed conditions.

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Commenting on the recent meeting of the Belgian Progressists at Brussels, the New York "Nation" makes some interesting suggestions with regard to the programme of that party for the elections which are to take place in October. It says that the union of the Liberal elements has been the watchword of the Progressists, but that, while a majority have been in favor of alliance with the labor party, only a minority have favored co-operation with the Liberals, or Doctrinaires, as they are called. The latter fact is due to the antagonism of the Doctrinaires to universal suffrage. Recent events have given the Progressists courage to adopt a definite line of policy on all the questions now at stake in Belgium, but it is an open question whether a majority of the party can be brought to support a thoroughgoing programme of a radical kind, involving universal suffrage for all citizens above twenty-one years of age, the suppression of custom-house duties, separation of Church and State, compulsory primary education, the State management of the liquor trade as a monopoly, and an eight-hour day to coal-miners. The Socialist element, which is gaining strength in Belgium, has made very considerable progress in the Progressist party, but it is not impossible that its prominence may detach from the party many of its more moderate members.

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The Intercolonial Conference now in session at Ottawa is one of the important gatherings of the year. The question of the Pacific cable between Canada and Australia has been much discussed, and the general scheme indorsed of ocean telegraphic communication free from foreign control. Hence the proposal of the Hon. Theodore Davies, on behalf of the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce, that the cable should land at the Sandwich Islands, was not favorably received. The detail of the ocean telegraph plan is left to be settled by the Governments interested. The trade question is now being discussed, and the results of the Conference in this matter are likely to be of much commercial importance, not only to British colonies, but to other countries as well. The general opinion seems to be that only by reciprocal benefits can the colonies develop trade among themselves. For instance, Canada and Australia produce about the same things and are hence competitors. In order to justify the present large subsidy which secures direct steam communication between the two countries, it would be necessary to increase the special markets, as that of Canadian lumber in Australia, or to develop trade along other lines. However, any such development seems contingent upon the Imperial Government allowing the colonies to enforce a discriminatory tariff favoring one another.

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As The Outlook has already pointed out, neither China nor Japan wants Korea quite so much as does Russia.

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Indeed, into the present quarrel the White Bear (after having done all possible beforehand by intrigue) does not hesitate to throw off the mask and say to the stronger of the two combatants, "Hands off." The weaker China has long been imploring Russia with the same cry regarding Korea, and, to regain a former slight hold upon the latter country, had even offered to abandon any claim to the disputed Pamir territory, thus giving Russia every advantage in the struggle with England. The Chinese claim rests upon aid granted in 1720 to the usurping Khan Amursana, who thus gained control. Russia's claim comes from her absorption of Bokhara and Khokand, for, before the Chinese interference, the Khans of those lands received homage from all Pamir nomads. England's claim is through the ruler of Afghanistan, who two years ago drove the Chinese out of Somatash. It is probable, however, that neither this bait, nor the fact that the Russian Ambassador has received the highest decoration in the gift of the Chinese Emperor (a decoration never before conferred upon a European), will long keep Russia out of Korea, no matter how many disavowals are made of protectorate ambitions. Russia needs a better Pacific port than Vladivostok, where she has already twenty war-vessels and a large force of soldiers ready to dispatch to Korea. This need avowed, then comes the ambition to possess the contiguous territory. The Japanese, however, fancy that they have a prior right. They not only import the greater part of Korean products, but go over to the mainland every spring and advance money to the farmers there on the crop prospects. These traders pay no taxes, of course, and recoup themselves handsomely at harvest-time, while five thousand Japanese merchants live in Korea the year round. No wonder that the clever island people have come to regard the territory of the duller mainland folk as almost their own, while the fact of Korea's treaties and diplomatic relations with Western Powers is quite argument enough for the Japanese not to recognize the Chinese claim to sovereignty. In the comparatively few years in which Korean ports have been open to foreign commerce surprising strides have been made in civilization and independence. Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, is now a large city, and with many foreign residents, kept there, and also in Fusan and Gensan, by the rapidly increasing imports of cotton goods. So far, Great Britain has the lion's share of this trade. Wool, metal, and oil imports have quadrupled within the decade, and the tonnage in the carrying trade with Japan has grown tenfold. Meanwhile, the people have been suffering in the so-called "Land of the Morning Calm." On the one side they were being systematically plundered by the mandarins, the highest magistracies being farmed out to the highest bidders. Latterly, however, the Government has needed money in order to increase the native army. The magistracies have thus been sold at shorter intervals and at proportionately higher rates. This lessening of time has, of course, hastened and increased the extortion practiced on the peasantry by those in power. On the other hand, there were the rich foreigners. Oppressed by the mandarins, the rebels believed that the foreigners were even a shade worse, and were enriching themselves at the expense of the Koreans. Hence the recent revolt. It has now developed into a three-cornered game, however, which will continue to be played, no matter whether openly or secretly, and in which the people most interested will hardly be consulted.

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John Bull is giving the other colonial Powers—France, Germany, Belgium, and even Portugal and Italy—much food for thought and criticism. He is not only grasping the great Bahr-el-Ghazel district (thus gaining a clear stretch of British territory from Egypt to Cape Colony), but is also apparently settling in two desirable South African countries. Since the British conquest of Matabeleland, the last independent race south of the Limpopo River occupies Swaziland, a country abounding in gold, copper, and iron. Its comparative freedom from white control had, up to 1890, found its cause in the jealousies of the surrounding governments—the British, the Transvaal, and the Portuguese—but since that time the few thousand white miners have been governed by a joint administration of the Boers and the British. Now that the latter have triumphed over Lobengula, they think that the hour has at last arrived when they may safely assume a sternly aggressive attitude regarding the seventy thousand Swazis. That President Kruger, of the Transvaal, has seemingly greater legal and moral claims to the country has not stood in the way of British colonial conquest. The second of the two colonies is East Pondoland, the last native independent State of southernmost Africa. It has an area of nearly six thousand square miles, and its Kaffir population is somewhat under two hundred thousand. The tribes are still accustomed to use the assegai and the shield in war, though they are not slow to learn the value of the rifle. The land is far more valuable for grazing than for agriculture, hence the chief wealth is in cattle. Pondoland is peculiarly picturesque, especially along the St. John's River; indeed, Mrs. Olive Schreiner says that the country possesses the most striking combination of bush, river, and mountain scenery to be found anywhere.

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It seems that the Norwegians are still stung by Baron Kerjhelm's words used in 1890 at Stockholm in supporting an army increase. He said: "We could easily speak Swedish to the Norwegians." Hence the Storthing, which since 1891 has had a Radical majority, has passed a resolution to suspend the civil list of the Crown Prince until he should deny an expression attributed to him as to an armed invasion by Sweden of Norway. The Crown Prince was abroad at the time of the resolution's passage, but has just returned, and announces that it does not become his position to deny or even discuss the alleged phrase, which, as reported by the "Dagbladet" of Christiania, was, "It would be for us only a military promenade to Christiania, but we would rather not be forced to take that promenade." He adds that a denial would now be construed as an attempt to get back the civil list, the grant of which, he declares, he would not again accept. The Radicals, nevertheless, demand an immediate official denial. Crown Prince Gustav, in whom political acumen is not lacking, and who has been well instructed by his father, Oscar II., and by his father-in-law, the wise Grand Duke of Baden, ought to be the last man to have uttered such words as the above, which are more probably the exaggerations of Norwegian separatists. As Oscar II. governs each country only by its own laws and through distinct Ministries, no Norwegian holds any official position in Sweden, nor any Swede in Norway, but the diplomatic offices abroad are open to the citizens of both countries. As is well known, the first move of the separatists was the introduction of a bill authorizing Norwegian consulates abroad to be distinct from those of Sweden, and on this they are still ringing the changes. When Oscar II. refused to sign the bill providing for separate representation, the Storthing promptly reduced the appanage of both the King and the Crown Prince 50,000 krone (about

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$12,500) apiece. Yet, after all, those sturdy Norwegians may congratulate themselves in having so able a monarch to rule over the dual kingdom. Should they gain their point, the victory will indeed be a notable one.

The Strike: Our Present Duty

The experiences through which this country is passing will compel even the most careless citizen to give some attention to problems which for years a few prophetic reformers have in vain urged on the attention of the American people. To what result will the organization of laborers and capitalists in hostile camps eventually lead? Is there no better method of settling industrial controversies than an industrial war? Is a great aggregation of such people as composes so large a proportion of the city of Chicago the glory or the shame of the Nation? Is a policy which invites all sorts and conditions of men to our shores, which makes no systematic attempt to sift out the turbulent and dangerous at the door, and very little attempt to fit them for citizenship when they have arrived, a wise or even a safe policy? Is a common-school system which boasts that it makes no attempt to educate the conscience an ideal preparation of its pupils for self-government? Is it the chief function of the Church of Christ in America to minister to paying congregations, and to keep its pulpits doctrinally pure by heresy trials? Are railroads public highways or private property? and if public highways, is government to exercise no other authority or control over them than it exercises over private property? When the workingman thinks that he or his fellow has been wronged by the employer, is he to have no remedy provided for him, but to be left to a "strike"? These and kindred questions, which a few public educators in press, pulpit, and lecture-room have been asking for some time, will probably now be asked by a great many thousands who never thought of them before except with impatience.

But none of these is the question of the present hour. That is the question which we thought we had answered in the Civil War: Has government of the people, for the people, and by the people power to enforce law against a passionate and rebellious minority?

John Calvin, following Augustine, taught that man was made sinless, fell from the perfect state of nature in which he was created, and is to be restored to it again by Christianity. Rousseau accepted the doctrine of primitive innocence, invented a new doctrine of the Fall modified by eliminating all recognition of sin, and so built a new political philosophy: the state of nature is the state of perfection; man is by nature capable of self-government; society is the result of a compact of doubtful advantage by which man has surrendered his natural liberty for the supposed advantages of organization. This philosophy, imported from France, entered into our American life, and finds expression in such statements as, All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, or the Jeffersonian doctrine that government is a necessary evil—the less of it the better. This philosophy has influenced American policy. We have invited all men, of every nation, religion, education, and state of ignorance, to our shores. We have assumed that they have by nature a capacity for self-government. We have met them on the wharf and put the ballot in their hands. And we have had popular teachers, who, in public speech and current periodical, if not in more formal education, have acted on the assumption that law and liberty are opposites, and that the one is always in the inverse ratio of the other. Doubtless from the days of Hamilton there have been protestants against this philosophy, who have materially modified its effect on American life and manners. But they have not been strong enough entirely to counteract its pernicious influence.

For it has been as pernicious as it is false. Science and history have alike demonstrated its falsity. Anthropology has proved that man is a creature emerging from the animal; that the state of nature is the state of the wild beast. Rousseau's fiction of the state of nature is as fascinating as Rudyard Kipling's fiction of the "law of the jungle," but as absolutely fictitious. Historical investigations have proved that there never was a social compact; after the family the first governments were military camps, and the first rulers military chieftains. And now the mob at Chicago, inflaming its passions by its own wild excesses, gives awful confirmation to the teaching of science. This is the true state of nature—this reproduction in a different form of the unrestrained bacchanalia of wrath of the North American Indians. These men have not the capacity of self-control. Government over them does not derive its just powers from their consent. Their arson, plunder, and murder make havoc of the doctrine that government is a necessary evil—the less of it the better. They have a right—it is the right to be governed; and the men who respect law have a duty—it is the duty of governing. Popular government is still *government*, or it ceases to exist.

The mob at Chicago is an ominous but not a fatal symptom. What is far more ominous is the undisguised sympathy of some public officials with the mob, and the proposal of others to compromise with it. The riots of the last week are not at this writing comparable with those of the anti-popery mob in London, immortalized by Dickens in "Barnaby Rudge." But England not only quelled the riots, she also punished the ringleaders. The question to be earnestly asked and decisively answered is, Has this country power to both quell these riots and punish the ringleaders? Rioting is not so dangerous to American civilization as compromising with the rioters. This is no time for local and National authorities to stand on points of etiquette, saying to one another, hat in hand, After you, sir! It is certainly no time for the Federal Government to exceed its constitutional authority, and by official action violate the law in its endeavor to punish lawbreakers. But it is no time for a public debate concerning the powers of the Federal Government. The officers to whom those powers have been intrusted must at their peril determine what those powers are; and the public must, for the present exigency, accept that decision and give them its heartiest support. If they usurp powers which are not theirs, they can be called to account hereafter. The battle-field is not the place to debate delicate questions of rank and precedence; and we are in the midst of battle. It is a time for men of all parties to sustain the President in using all the power which his law-officers affirm that he possesses in enforcing law and punishing crime. For a people without power to enforce law and punish crime prove by that very fact that they have already lapsed into a state of nature. And the state of nature is not one of idyllic innocence; it is the state of the wild beast in the forest—the animal in man supreme, and the community a prey to the appetites and passions of its most savage elements. We believe in democracy—that is, the rule of the people. But that rule is as seriously endangered by surrender to a compromise with the mob as it is by defeat suffered at its hands. Compromise to-day is preparation for a greater and more dangerous violence to-morrow; and labor questions are not in order, however

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important they may be, until the mob is dispersed and its ringleaders are in custody awaiting trial by due process of law.

More Education

This has been so far the country not only of the capable and the trained, but also of the well-meaning and the lucky. Its opportunities have been so vast and its growth so constant that any man of energy, character, and good intentions could gain a foothold and make his way. Everything has been open to every comer, and natural ability without special aptitude, or good intentions without special ability, have found not only a chance but rewards. This feature of our life, so stimulating to energy and so inviting to enterprise, has not wholly disappeared; but there has been a great change in the last twenty years, and the condition of things on this continent is very rapidly approximating the condition of things in Europe. Success is to depend hereafter not so much on favorable conditions and good luck as on the power to bring trained ability to bear on a specific end. Success becomes every year more and more difficult in this country because the competitors are more numerous and better skilled. The happy-go-lucky days of the country are largely over; hereafter success is to be won under fixed conditions, to which the successful man must conform. This is by no means an unhealthy change; on the contrary, it means the decline of the speculative and noisy era, and the supremacy of substantial, solid, and intelligent work. If the country is to maintain its supremacy in any department of trade, it must depend, not upon native ingenuity, or upon what is sometimes called American smartness, but on the ability of the American to meet the trained man of other races on his own ground. In the long run it is the trained man who succeeds, because it is the trained man who studies all the conditions of success and meets them intelligently.

What this country needs above all things is more education; a more thorough equipment, in other words, for the specific work of the day. Business men need a more careful education than they have had in business methods and principles. In every department of manufacturing chemical processes are used, and where profit or loss depends on a slight percentage of salvage, the expert chemist often holds the key of the position. Twenty years ago our railroads were run on free and easy principles, with a happy-go-lucky assurance that good-natured and industrious men could get the trains through. Now the best of the railroads are run on scientific principles, with experts in every department, and the whole management as thoroughly organized as if it were a great scientific institution; and the success of the roads in the matter of dividends and freedom from accidents depends very largely upon the thoroughness of the organization and the scientific spirit in which it is conducted.

No more striking illustration of the value of training has been seen in modern times than that afforded by the commercial advance of Germany. Twenty years ago, at the close of the French and German war, everybody recognized the fact that the Germans had, on the whole, the best military training in the world, and that they were more scientifically equipped for war than any other nation, but most people doubted their practical ability; for Germany was still a poor country, with the commercial spirit largely undeveloped. But in the last twenty years the Germans have turned their attention to business, and have carried into manufacturing and all other departments of trade the same thoroughness of preparation, the same trained ability, and the same power of patient observation and study which made them first masters of the field of knowledge and then masters of the art of war, and the results are already widely apparent. Germany is growing very rapidly in commercial power and prestige. The country is fast becoming rich. Many German towns are growing as some of our Western towns have grown. Germans are traveling to a far greater extent than ever before, and the poor Germany of thirty years ago is rapidly being transformed into a rich Germany. This is the result of the superior training of the Germans brought to bear on commercial problems. From all parts of the outlying world come complaints from young Englishmen who formerly had the pick of positions and the ground of vantage, but whom the Germans are now driving out. The young German who goes to South America carries with him not only a thorough knowledge of the business in which he is engaged, but also of the language and habits of the people. He is at home the first day he sets his foot in the new country. It is the same way with the Germans in China, Japan, and India. In Syria, not many years ago, representatives of German manufacturers made a thorough study of the tastes and needs of the people, and introduced a style of manufactured articles which has gone far to drive the old English manufactures out of the field. Complaints have poured in from the English consuls in Syria, and warnings have come from them again and again. That the English are feeling this competition very keenly is evident from the establishment of a large number of technical schools throughout England, of which The Outlook will shortly give an account, and which have been brought into being by the conviction that German competition must be met by a more thorough training on the part of the English traders and merchants. The superior training of the German chemist shows itself at once in any line of manufacture by sufficient reduction of expense to enable the German manufacturer to undersell the English competitor.

In business, no less than in the professions, the arts, and literature, it is the trained man who wins the prize and commands the position. These facts need a wider recognition in this country. Boys who expect to succeed here in the future must have something more than strong arms and good intentions. They must have the ability to do some specific thing with the skill of an expert. We cannot depend much longer on our natural resources and our good luck. We must learn the lesson which all the older nations have had to learn, and which is part of the education of the human race: to take thought of our conditions and surroundings, and to make the most of them by putting ourselves in the best position to develop them.

A Familiar Lesson

There is probably no lesson so universally set for so many students, and so difficult to learn, as the lesson of the nobility of all kinds of work and service. Not long ago a woman of rare strength of character and power of sacrifice, whose whole life has been one long surrender to the service of others, spoke of her work as "so unimportant." This comment, while it illustrated the modesty of a fine nature, brought out also the essential difficulty of recognizing the greatness of all service unselfishly rendered in obscure and hidden ways. It was not quite fair to say, as an eminent man recently said, that the best men and women are never heard of; but it is perfectly true that an overwhelming majority of the best men and women are never heard of. They are people in humble position, or their work is obscure, or their sacrifices are unknown and hidden. There

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is an immense amount of nobility in society which finds no record save in the better and happier lives of those who share in it. It is a great mistake to measure service by its publicity or by its external indications of importance. It has happened many times in the history of the world that the most impressive events at the moment have been seen afterwards to be unimportant, and the events in which only a very few discerned at the time any significance are seen afterwards to have been pivotal and dominant. The nobility of work depends, not upon its prominence nor upon its publicity, but upon the unselfishness and competency with which it is performed. A life devoted to work in this spirit is just as great in its way as the life which is set like a candle where all the world sees. Men have been slow to recognize the divine in the human; they are equally slow to recognize the divine in their work, and to discern in all their opportunities and duties that dignity which resides in them by reason of their relation to the growth of the soul.

Business and Morality

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Permit me to ask if it is a fair inference to draw from the article on the first page of The Outlook for June 23, concerning the Sugar Trust, that because Mr. Havemeyer and others are of high character in certain respects in certain relations of life, they can therefore shirk responsibility of bribery or semi-bribery of legislators, because the political conditions are such as to make this possible?

Is it not true that a great many "good men" are willing to do in politics or by politics that which is morally wrong, on the ground that popular or current opinion seems to sanction it?

As a business man I am painfully aware of business practices by Christian men that are far removed from the Sermon on the Mount, and it is to such papers as yours that I look for reform.

T. A. A.

St. Paul, Minn.

The Outlook, a leading religious weekly of New York City, in printing the text of the replies made by Messrs. Havemeyer and Searles, of the Sugar Trust, to the Senate Committee, in which they acknowledged that the Trust had contributed to both parties, makes this comment:

"Both Mr. Havemeyer and Mr. Searles are esteemed men of blameless private character. The condemnation which is called for is a condemnation of the political system which tolerates corruption-fund government."

It would be interesting to know by what process of dissection the editor of The Outlook separates the man from his deeds. All honest men are agreed that bribery is a crime both as affecting the briber and the bribed; and the city in which The Outlook is published is at this moment providing an example of the depths of degradation to which this crime may lead. Most honest men are also agreed that money contributed by corporations to political campaign funds, without even so much as party loyalty to inspire the gifts, is an exceedingly dangerous form of bribery. . . . The life of a man is the life he lives daily in the community, not only as an individual, but in all the relations he sustains to society; and to attempt to set up two standards, by the measure of which a man may be a corrupt business man and politician, and a saint in his private and more personal relations, is to attempt the creation of a moral monstrosity.—*The Kennett Square (Pa.) Advance.*

We agree heartily with both our correspondent and our contemporary: with our correspondent that a man cannot shirk moral responsibility in some of his relations to society because in other relations he is blameless or even praiseworthy; and with our contemporary that there is no process of dissection by which a man may be separated from his deeds.

It is nevertheless true that many men, who are men of high character, and who in their private and personal relations are honest, truthful, generous, and upright, are curiously blind to the fact that the moral principles which apply to private and personal life apply equally to civic, political, and commercial relations.

A political system or a state of public opinion which permits men to do in their public relations what they would scorn to do in private life deserves the most unqualified condemnation, and every effort which honest men can make should be made to change that system and that opinion.

But as far as Mr. Havemeyer and Mr. Searles are concerned, let him that is without sin among us cast the first stone.

Editorial Notes

—It is well to keep a quiet spirit in these troubled times, and not to catch the contagion of anxiety and dismay. The country is perfectly safe.

—The word "southwest" in Dr. Hogeboom's article in The Outlook of last week, page 14, second column, fifth line from the top, ought to have read "southeast."

—Mr. Austin Abbott's account of the powers of the Federal Government under the Constitution in the present crisis, which appears in another column, will be read with the greater interest because it is so dispassionate and covers the ground so thoroughly from the first sources.

—Lord Rosebery's Fourth of July call on Ambassador Bayard was in happy contrast to the words of other English Premiers in other days, such as Lord John Russell's declaration that the republican bubble had burst, or Mr. Gladstone's that "Jefferson Davis had made a nation."

—The District of Columbia Union of the Christian Endeavor Society have done a manly thing in refusing to go to the Cleveland Convention under conditions offered them by the American Railway Union. A telegram was sent to the Christian Endeavor headquarters at Boston to this effect: "It is not deemed in keeping with the demands of good citizenship that we accept the proffered protection of the American Railway Union."

—It would be amusing if it were not monotonous to read the fresh announcements of the failure of democratic institutions which promptly appeared in many of the English newspapers on receipt of the news from this country of the labor troubles. Democracy has died a great many times at the hands of the English press, but it has a singular faculty of reviving again. It was probably never in less peril on this continent than to-day, but a good many English newspaper men are humorously defective in knowledge of American affairs or comprehension of the American spirit.

—In these days great position means responsibility much more than it means gratification or enjoyment. There is, indeed, something pathetic about the position of rulers in a day when men whom they have never injured, and who have never seen them face to face, are ready to destroy them on general principles. The other day, as the Prince and Princess of Wales were driving in an open carriage, a man rushed into the road and threw a little parcel at their feet. The Prince instantly threw himself in front of the Princess, but when the parcel was opened it was found to contain nothing but flowers. Even flowers portend danger in these Anarchic times.

—It is a great pleasure, and, unfortunately, a very uncommon one, to recognize a piece of journalistic work so thoroughly intelligent, dispassionate, and comprehensive as Dr. Albert Shaw's presentation of the influence of the Populist party upon legislation and party politics during the last winter, in the current number of the "Review of Reviews." Dr. Shaw is no more a Populist than is The Outlook, but he is a journalist who treats his profession as a profession and not as a mere political trade, and pays his readers the tribute of endeavoring to supply them with clear statements of fact instead of fresh fuel for their prejudices and passions. It is so rare an event to find in an American journal a disinterested account of a group of men or of a movement in which the editor does not personally believe that it merits special comment.

—Nowadays kings must expect to hear plain talk, and it is characteristic of the Norsemen that their legislature has just officially forwarded to King Oscar a parliamentary report which practically charges the King, with the connivance of certain officials, of attempting to so dispose of the Norwegian army as to make it impossible to offer any resistance to a Swedish invasion, in case such an invasion were made. This is a device which was used with a good deal of success in Washington just before the war by certain sworn officers of the Government, who so far forgot their oaths and their honor as to take advantage of their position to strike the country whose interests they were pledged to serve. We trust the Norwegian officials who have been serving their King at the expense of their country will meet the same fate which overtook the American officials who attempted to serve their section at the expense of the Nation.

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Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst as a Spiritual Preacher

By Charles H. Lerch

I WISH to lay special stress on the word spiritual. Dr. Parkhurst never lectures or tells stories in his pulpit, but preaches, and that, too, in a peculiarly spiritual way. The difference between him and a great many others who preach the Gospel, as they say, is that they do their best to preach and to make their preaching attractive, while he simply lets the Gospel preach through him. This is so true of him that the unspiritual do not see it. It is as utterly impossible for a critic who does not recognize the difference between matter and spirit to feel the full power of Dr. Parkhurst's preaching, as for a pure scientist to understand the significance of Emerson's poetry. Dr. Parkhurst seems to me to be among the preachers what Emerson is among the poets.

Young men who are attending the schools of the prophets in New York City, after hearing Dr. Parkhurst preach, go away with much the same feeling as James Russell Lowell expresses after hearing Emerson lecture. "The delight and the benefit were," says he, "that he put us in communication with a larger style of thought, sharpened our wits with a more pungent phrase, gave us ravishing glimpses of an ideal under the dry husk of our New England, made us conscious of the supreme and everlasting originality of whatever bit of soul might be in any of us; freed us, in short, from the stocks of prose in which we had sat so long that we had grown well-nigh contented in our cramps." It is not easy, under Dr. Parkhurst's preaching, to feel contented with sitting complacently in our stocks, whether they be of living or of thinking.

Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.

When the Truth speaks to us, not hampered but helped by its coming through a great personality, it always makes us discontented with ourselves and puts into us new courage and enthusiasm. Dr. Parkhurst seems to be more concerned about the success of the Truth than about himself. It is just the reverse with a great many other men. They lay a great deal more stress upon the shell, or outward garb, of their sermons than upon their real flesh and blood. The congratulations which these men receive and expect, usually, after their sermons, are in line with their own ideas of sermons. Splendid diction, fine vocabulary, beautiful figures of speech, are the things that very often only attract the fancy of the listeners, and in their first intent were meant to attract. It would not be too severe or inappropriate to say of such sermons that they are very often only whitewashed sepulchers, full of dead men's bones. But one does not think much of the rhetoric of the occasion when listening to the warm words of everyday, practical Christianity, as it is interpreted in the Madison Square pulpit. Dr. Parkhurst does not expect congratulations, and you do not think of bestowing them. You are not so much concerned after the sermon about him as about that which has come from him. Something, if you were attentive and in earnest, has stopped the ordinary current of your thinking, and you have received a new impulse. Men said of Christ, not that he spoke eloquently, but with authority. If ever the truth has been spoken with something of the intensity with which the Master spoke, I believe that to be the case in the Madison Square pulpit.

One reason why the devout listener is so intensely impressed with Dr. Parkhurst's spirituality is the fact that he sees so deeply and reads so deeply, not the symbolic but the real meaning of things, and interprets them in such a way as to make you feel that old things have become new. That is precisely Emerson's peculiarity. After the announcement of some old and familiar text you cannot guess any more what is coming than you can in the case of Emerson when he writes upon "Friendship" or "Courage" or "Character." You are surprised almost at every sentence of the sermon, and you wonder that that has never occurred to you before. You feel that what you have done before in so slovenly and careless a way, because you did not regard it of much importance, is, after all, worthy of being done enthusiastically; what you have regarded as of very little or no moment presents itself to you in colossal proportions. Old things are become new. Those subjects which often have heaped upon them the odium and censure of being worldly and inappropriate for the pulpit are so touched by the magic wand of his spirituality as to make one feel that they are, after all, the only topics for consideration.

The fact with Dr. Parkhurst is that the truth which he preaches comes to you so directly, so at first hand, that it is full of its true original and native force. A great many pulpit orators, with the emphasis on the word orator, preach and preach, and the effect of their preaching is equivalent to what Dr. Taylor—who, though he loved Emerson, did not always admire his transcendentalism—once said of one of Emerson's discourses, that "it would take as many sermons like that to convert a human soul as it would quarts of skimmed milk to make a man drunk." The kingdom of heaven, we understand, cometh not by violence, but it does come by power—gigantic, effect-producing power. Not a little of this power must come from the pulpit. There is so great a premium upon pulpit popularity, so much aversion, therefore, to saying anything that might cause the slightest ripple in any

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one's feeling, so much demand for pew-comfort, that the preacher very often settles down into the mere pulpit dandy. Dandyism, at any rate, is less inconvenient than heroism. It is enervating to a true seeker of the truth to know, when he enters into the Madison Square Church, that he will be addressed and exhorted by a man who does not intentionally make a compromise with the devil for the sake of giving pleasure. It is not easy to find a man who is more fearless than Dr. Parkhurst of theological anathemas and social excommunications when it is his business to stand up for the truth. Such spiritual vitality as he possesses is strong enough to withstand all criticism. If you are afraid of hearing the truth, do not go to his church.

We fear that Dr. Parkhurst is not very popular with a class of people who are so pure and so clean that they cannot think of associating for a moment with those who are on a lower spiritual plane. They do not understand how a preacher of the Gospel can condescend, not only to throw the inkstand, but even the ink and the pen, at the devil. Let him stick to his business, they say, and they criticise severely if he does not. They would probably criticise Christ, if it were not the Good Lord, for speaking to the woman at the well. And yet, if ever any one knew his business, we imagine Christ did. The man who is afraid to come into the atmosphere where sin gives out its disgusting odors is not a fit subject to denounce sin. It is much pleasanter, of course, for a pastor to associate with the sheep than with the goats of his flock. It is very easy to preach in an inoffensive way, and be the pet of your parishioners. It is much easier to be led than to lead. It is much more comfortable to allow yourself to be shaped and guided by the community in which you live than to shape and guide it. But the world, in its last analysis, after all, loves and respects men who have the ability, as the phrase goes, to speak straight from the shoulder; who know no soft and evasive words. Dr. Parkhurst is one of these men. His effectiveness is due to the fact that his literary art only allows him to call things by their right names, and banishes niceties and vanities to the region of rhetoric.

"Alóha"

By Mary B. Wilcox

"Alóha"—word with sweetest meaning fraught,
From sea-girt isles its loving message sends
To cheer the heart of its long-parted friends.
Hawaiian speech to me has lately taught
This simple phrase, to grace my kindly thought
Of you, dear one, to whom my heart extends
This soulful greeting, while its music lends
A charm, with its significance inwrought.
Shall I its import to you now disclose,
Or trust love's subtile intuition clear
To scent the fragrance of this foreign rose?
Inbreathe, my friend, its dainty, rare aroma,
The while I whisper in your very ear,
"*My love* to you"—the meaning of "*Alóha.*"

The Power which Liberates

By Hamilton W. Mabie

In Dr. Parson's fine lines "On a Bust of Dante" there is a verse which suggests even more than it conveys:

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was—but a fight!
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The contrast between the outward and the inward life—the one all shadow and hardship, the other all splendor and affluence—has never been more impressively disclosed than in the story of the Florentine poet whose brief and bitter years have in their train a fame of universal range and almost piercing luster. It may be doubted whether the "Divine Comedy" would have been so widely treasured if the story of the singer had been less pathetic and significant. If its authorship were unknown, it would still remain one of the incomparable achievements of art; but the personal anguish behind it lends it that spell which issues out of experience, and to which no human heart can be wholly indifferent. There are many to whom the poem would be incomprehensible; there are few to whom the poet would appeal in vain. If his thought often took wing beyond the range of the common thought, his experience shared with all humanity that visitation of sorrow from which none wholly escape. The very completeness of the shipwreck of Dante's personal fortunes makes the greatness of his achievement the more impressive; and the hardness of his lot lends a new splendor to his imagination.

For Dante the imagination meant not only the power of creating on a great scale, but also liberation from the iron bars of circumstance which imprisoned him. He was banished from Florence, but no decree could shut his thought out from the streets and squares that were so dear to him. It is true that he has spoken in memorable words of the sadness of revisiting in dreams alone the places one loves; but there was, nevertheless, in that power of passing at will from Verona to Florence, a resource of incalculable value. The body might be bound; the man was free. This faculty, which sets us free from so many of our limitations and gives us citizenship in all ages and countries, is not only the one creative power in us, but is also our greatest resource. No gift is so rare and none so priceless as a powerful and productive imagination. That it is rare the mass of contemporary verse-writing demonstrates with almost pathetic conclusiveness; that it is above price the great works of art abundantly prove. But from the purely personal point of view—the interest, the variety, and the power of the individual life—no gift is so much to be prized. To the possessor of this magical faculty the outward happenings are, at the worst, of secondary importance. Homer will not find blindness too great a trial, if Troy still stands in his vision with the hosts contending about it, and the white-armed Nausicaa still greets the much-traveled Ulysses on the beach; and Shakespeare could have borne heavier sorrows than most men have known, the Forest of Arden, Prospero's Island, and the enchanted woodland of the Midsummer Night's Dream being open to him. Spenser could find refuge from the tumult of Ireland in the dominion of the Faery Queen; Milton, with sealed eyes, solitary in an age apostate to his faith and hope, saw Paradise with undimmed vision; and Browning, in the uproar, contention, and uncertainty of this turbulent century, heard Pippa, unconsciously touching the tragedy of life at so many points, still serenely singing her song of faith and peace.

It is doubtful whether any of us understand what the imagination means to us simply as the liberating force which throws the doors and windows open. When imagination withers and art dies, discontent, misery, and revolutions are in order. It is the outlook through the windows, the breath of air through the open door, that keeps men content in their workshops; where the outlook is shut off and the air no longer comes fresh and vital into the close room the workers grow reckless and hopeless. For without the imagination—the power to look through and beyond our conditions—life would be intolerable. Better a great activity of the imagination and hard conditions than ease of condition and poverty of imagination; for men are never so dangerous as when their bodies are fed and their souls starved. A perfectly comfortable society, deprived of the resources of the imagination, would invite and foster the most desperate anarchism; for men live by ideas, not by things. A man who sees a great purpose shining before him can endure all hardness for the glory that is to come; the man who no longer has desires, because all his wants are met, suffers a swift deterioration of nature, and is at last the victim of his own prosperity. The Roman noble,

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in Mr. Arnold's striking poem, finds life unbearable because his passions are sated, his appetites fed, and his imagination dead. He is suffocated by his own luxury. Dante, on the other hand, feels keenly his condition, but lives more deeply and gloriously than any man of his time because, in spite of the hardness of his lot, his imagination travels through all worlds, and beyond the barren hour discerns the splendors of Paradise. The prophets, teachers, and poets, who alone have made life bearable, have been the children of the imagination, and have had the supreme consolation of looking through the limitations into which every man is born into the great heavens flaming with other worlds than ours. For it is the imagination which realizes the soul in things material and reads this universe of matter as a symbol, and so liberates us from the oppression which comes from mere magnitude and mass; which discerns the inner meaning of the family, the Church, and the State, and, in spite of all frailties and imperfections, makes their divine origin credible; which discovers the end of labor in power, of self-denial in freedom, of hardness and suffering in the perfecting of the soul. "I am never confused," said Emerson, "if I see far enough;" and the imagination is the faculty which sees. Of the several faculties by the exercise of which men live it is most necessary, practical, and vital; and yet so little is it understood that it is constantly spoken of as something very beautiful in its activity, but the especial property of artists, poets, and dreamers!

The Life Eternal

By W. E. Davenport

The Life Eternal is no rumored dream,
Conjectural and strange and hard to prove:
'Tis the inspired daily life of love,
And never distant nor unreal could seem
If only we were true to things supreme,
And shared the faith that Jesus witnessed of
In every act and word whereby he strove
To prove the human heavenly, and redeem
The natural functions of the flesh on earth—
Eating and drinking, talking, sight, and sleep—
From terms of us to infinite symbols dear
Of spiritual relationships, whose worth
The soul avoweth, as life makes more deep
Our consciousness of Him—than self more near.

The Legal Aspects of the Disorder at Chicago

By Austin Abbott

Dean of the New York University Law School

The duty of the Government is well described in the oath which we have required our public officers to take.

The President is sworn "to faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and to the best of his ability to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." (U. S. Const., Art. 2, sec. 1.) And the Constitution also prescribes that "he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed" (sec. 3). It also says: "The Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, . . . shall be the supreme law of the land, . . . anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." (U. S. Const., Art. 6.)

The judges are sworn "to administer justice without respect to persons, and do equal right to the poor and to the rich, and to faithfully and impartially discharge and perform all the duties incumbent on them as such judges, according to the best of their abilities and understanding, agreeably to the Constitution and laws of the United States." (U. S. R. S., sec. 712.)

What is required by the "Constitution and the laws" concerning such controversies?

The Constitution declares, as a fundamental element in the organization of the Nation, that "Congress shall have power . . . to regulate commerce . . . among the several States;" "to establish post-offices and post-roads;" "to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions; to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces." (U. S. Const. Art. 1, sec. 8.)

By sec. 3,964 of the United States Revised Statutes, post-roads are declared to be: all railroads in operation, letter-carrier routes, and all waters, canals, and roads during the time the mail is carried thereon.

Congress is nothing else than the representatives of the people and the States, chosen by them for such purposes because they cannot all assemble and deliberate together, and chosen after free popular discussion of the measures the people at large have desired as necessary for common welfare. Thus chosen for these purposes, Congress has prescribed the following rules for the promotion of the peace and prosperity of the country:

United States Revised Statutes, sec. 3,995: "Any person who shall knowingly and willfully obstruct or retard the passage of the mail, or any . . . carrier carrying the same, shall, for every such offense, be punishable by a fine of not more than $100."

Id., secs. 5,336–5,440: "If two or more persons in any State or Territory conspire . . . by force to prevent, hinder, or delay the execution of any law of the United States . . . each of them shall be punished by a fine of . . . not over $5,000, or imprisonment . . . not over six years, or both."

Id., sec. 5,298: "Whenever, by reason of unlawful obstructions, combinations, or assemblages of persons . . . it shall become impracticable, in the judgment of the President, to enforce, by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, the laws of the United States within any State, it shall be lawful for the President . . . to employ such parts of the land and naval forces of the United States as he may deem necessary to enforce the faithful execution of the laws of the United States."

Id., sec. 5,299: "Whenever . . . domestic violence . . . or conspiracies in any State so obstruct or hinder the execution of the laws thereof and of the United States as to deprive any portion or class of the people of such State of any of the rights, privileges, or immunities or protection named in the Constitution and secured by the laws for the protection of such rights, privileges, and immunities, and the constituted authorities of such State are unable to protect, or, for any cause, fail to protect such rights, such facts shall be deemed a denial by such State of the equal protection of the laws; and in all such cases, or whenever any such . . . violence . . . or conspiracy opposes or obstructs the laws of the United States or the due execution thereof, or impedes or obstructs the due course of justice under the same, it shall be lawful for the President, and it shall be his duty, to take such measures, by the employment of the militia or the land and naval forces of the United States . . . for the suppression of such . . . domestic violence or combination."

26 Stat. at L. 209, sec. 1: "Every . . . combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, or restraint of trade or commerce among the several States, or with foreign nations, is hereby declared to be illegal."

Sec. 4. "The several circuit courts of the United States are hereby invested with jurisdiction to prevent and restrain violation of this act, and it shall be the duty of the several District Attorneys of the United States . . . to institute proceedings in equity to prevent and restrain such violations."

The origin of the present difficulty is that certain mechanics who have been in the service of the Pullman Company are unwilling to work for the wages offered by the Company, and claim that the Company can and should offer higher wages.

The employers refuse, and the general sympathy for the unfortunate mechanics, whose share of the general hard times upon us all is conspicuous, has engendered in the

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minds of great numbers of working people in their neighborhood a desire to punish the employers, or compel them by some infliction to offer more wages.

Now, it happens that these employers—the Pullman Company—own a large part of those traveling conveniences on the railroads throughout the country which have become an indispensable comfort for all, and a necessity for women and children, upon long journeys; and these conveniences—the sleeping and dining cars, with the porters and attendants provided by these owners, the Pullman Company—are run by the railroad companies all over the country under continuing contracts made between the railroad companies and the Pullman people. The point at which the retaliation of the sympathizing workmen has been adroitly aimed is to induce the railroad companies to break their contracts with the Pullmans, and thus render the Pullman car property unproductive. The trainmen, in great numbers, in effect, say to the Chicago railway managers, If you do not break your contracts with the Pullmans we will no longer run your trains. In action they have gone beyond this, by violent obstruction of tracks and destruction of cars.

This is what, in private life, is called malicious interference with contract. If it were done by a few men, on a small scale, actions for damages would soon convince the wrong-doers that they had misconceived their rights. But it is done on so vast a scale that an action for damages would be as ludicrous as it would be to whip the boy whose forbidden playing with matches burned up the city of Portland. The great number of wrong-doers, and the obvious inadequacy of actions for damages, has practically made them feel quite indifferent to the law; and the disorder has spread day by day.

On July 3 the President ordered certain United States regulars to proceed to Chicago to enforce the observance of the laws, the United States Judge, Marshal, and District Attorney having certified to the President that, in their judgment, it was impracticable to otherwise execute the orders of the court. This step is authorized by the United States Revised Statutes, section 5,299.

Under date of July 5, Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, wired a protest to the President against his ordering the Federal troops into service at Chicago—the Governor claiming that the State can take care of itself, and, being amply able to enforce the law, the interference of the Federal troops is unauthorized. He stated, as the reasons for suffering the disorders to continue, that the accounts given were exaggerated, and that no one had asked him to interfere. The President replied:

> Federal troops were sent to Chicago in strict accordance with the Constitution and laws of the United States, upon the demand of the Post-Office Department that obstruction of the mails should be removed, and upon the representations of the judicial officers of the United States that process of the Federal Courts could not be executed through the ordinary means, and upon abundant proof that conspiracies existed against commerce between the States.
>
> To meet these conditions, which are clearly within the province of Federal authority, the presence of Federal troops in the city of Chicago was deemed not only proper but necessary, and there has been no intention of thereby interfering with the plain duty of the local authorities to preserve the peace of the city. GROVER CLEVELAND.

The President deserves the highest commendation, in these times of trimming and time-serving politics, in acting upon the line of his constitutional and sworn duty. It is not the place of an American Executive, sworn to enforce the laws, to sit still in the face of even exaggerated accounts of public disorder, and plead that he is able to quell it but no one has asked him to do so. He should be moved by his oath even if the crowd ask him not to interfere.

So far as the misguided men who are combining in these lawless contests are concerned, it seems plain that they have much to learn. They have tried the power of combination, and have found it great. They are now about to try the power of the law, and they will find it far greater. The American people have not enjoyed liberty and self-regulated order these four generations for nothing. They will maintain their inheritance and will support the hands of their Chief Magistrate and Commander-in-chief to the very last. The experiment that the strikers are trying is a very inconvenient one to the country. It cannot be other than a painful and disastrous one to themselves, their families, their industries, and their city. But the lesson seems needed, and good citizens can only hope that it will be taught as effectively as the stoppage of violence requires.

A Chalk-Line

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe

In Two Parts—II.

"Look at those leaves, Daphne; they keep dropping all curled up from the trees, and sailing like little boats over our spring. That shows the summer's going, does it not?"

"Yes, and my tadpoles are all frogs now. I can hear them singing every night."

"How did I first happen to christen you Daphne?"

"It was because of this old green gown of mine, wasn't it? Aren't you willing that I should throw it away now? See, my elbows are almost through the sleeves!"

"I like it even better so. When your elbows are quite through you will be cooler. I first called you Daphne the day you came here with those dark pine tassels in the bosom of your gown. I remember I thought the tassels you had twisted in your hair looked like green bodkins threaded with gold."

"Why didn't you make that pretty speech to me at the time?"

"I didn't know you well enough."

"How well do you know me now?"

"Well enough to call you Daphne. How much longer shall you need to convince your father of my harmlessness? If you don't hurry matters a little, I shall be waylaying him in the road and speaking to him myself."

"If you do, you will spoil all. Why are you so impatient? I have brought father to confess that there were loose matches in the house and plenty of mice there to nibble them. After all, I've only been talking to him about you for two months. Is that so long to wait?"

Ellsworth turned quickly. "For what?" he asked.

"Convincing father, of course," Delia answered. "What else could I mean?"

"Nothing? No, it is not too long for that."

Ellsworth was half reclining on the bank of the spring at Delia's feet. She was sitting a little apart from him on the root of a tree. His eyes were fastened thoughtfully on the bursting bubbles of the spring. When Delia spoke again, he did not see her laughing face.

"What makes you so thoughtful to-day? I'm glad I brought something with me to amuse you. I left it off there on the leaves in the bushes. Now I'm going to get it, and you must not move or turn your head until I say *Now!* It's nothing that will hurt. Will you promise not to look?"

"I promise," he answered.

As Delia had said, his mood was thoughtful. When her triumphant "Now you may look!" reached his ears, he almost started, and as he glanced up what he saw brought him to his feet.

"Daphne, where did you get that?"

"It's a 'he,'" Daphne answered, dropping carefully with her burden into her rooty seat. "You said once you had never seen him, so I borrowed him of the storekeeper's daughter to show you, though I didn't say that, of course. Now, isn't this a lovely baby? I was so afraid I might put his eyes out carrying him through the woods, and so afraid he would cry before I was ready to surprise you with him. You were surprised, weren't you? See, he knows me."

The baby had caught at her fingers, clutching them in both his tiny hands, and Delia laughed aloud.

Ellsworth went down on his knees among the roots, looking, not at the white bundle, but into the glowing face bending above.

"Isn't it lovely!" cooed Delia.

"Oh, Daphne, the loveliest thing on earth."

"I knew you'd like him. Now I want you to answer

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me, honestly: do you think this dress is too fine for the shopkeeper's grandbaby? I made everything he has on, and father says I'm putting notions in their heads. But he is so pretty, I can't make ugly clothes for him. Do you think I ought to?"

For the first time, Ellsworth glanced at the baby.

"Of course not. It is really a little beauty, isn't it?" he admitted. The child stared at him round-eyed, and he felt the usual sense of flattery as the little thing laughed and tucked its chin into its neck, after the manner of babies.

"I told you it was a 'he,'" Delia corrected again; "and you, big as you are, and every one of those huge men on your farm, too, were once just as small as this, so you needn't be so condescending. I knitted these socks—would you like to see his feet?"

"Above all things."

"Well, you sha'n't, for I don't like your tone at all."

"Let me see his feet, Daphne; I will take any tone you give me."

Ellsworth drew nearer to her, and, drawing the little hands away from her, smoothed the small fingers about one of his. "Is that better?" he asked.

"Yes, but why couldn't you do that at first?"

"I wish I had now. But, you see, you're a woman, and to you this is just a man-child, while, whenever I see a small bundle like this, I look on it more as an awful possibility. Who can tell what this baby may be or do? Do you know, I have never yet seen a man I would choose to be father to."

"Really?—why, I have."

"Would you father me, for instance?"

Delia looked at him over the baby's head.

"I think," she said, seriously, "that I should like to be your mother."

Ellsworth dropped the baby's hand quickly. He had almost taken Delia's in its place, when he drew back.

"What would you think if I begged you to send me away at once?" he said, half-smiling, half-earnest. "Tell me you want to be quiet and alone, Daphne; be rude to me—only send me away."

"But I don't want to be quiet, and I hate being alone."

"Then the dew is falling, and you ought to go yourself, for the sake of the baby."

She looked at him reproachfully, "How strange you are to-day! Do you want to be rid of me?"

"Rid of you? No—yes—I don't know, Daphne." He rose to his feet and moved a step away. "Why does your father cling to this idea about me?" he cried. "He can't still pretend he believes me a criminal, and yet allow your seeing me in this way."

"Allow?—father doesn't know I see you. He would be furious. I have been telling him he must be mistaken, because I heard this or that nice thing about you—it wasn't necessary to tell him I heard them from you, was it? Why, what's the matter? Why do you look at me like that?"

Ellsworth was staring down at her in a kind of dismayed horror.

"Your father doesn't know—" he began, then changed his words into: "Don't look so frightened, Daphne; there's nothing wrong."

Delia struggled to her feet with difficulty. Except as an encumbrance, she seemed to have forgotten the baby in her arms. "Everything is wrong to-day!" she cried, moving forward. "Everything is wrong—what is it?"

Her brow was knit with perplexity, her eyes set on Ellsworth's perturbed face.

"Take care," he cried, stretching out his hands. The warning came as her heedless foot struck on a knotted root. Burdened as she was, the jar flung her heavily forward, and Ellsworth caught her in his arms. There was no one left to cry a further warning. The spring gurgled and laughed aloud. The wind whispered, the leaves danced, the very roots were in collusion. In the silence all seemed waiting for the next word.

Delia lifted her head, looking up wonderingly into the face bent above hers.

"Daphne, Daphne, don't you know now what it is?"

Her face altered suddenly as the surface of the quiet spring when struck by a shifting wind. With a quick cry she broke from his clasp, and Ellsworth found himself alone at the spring with only a whimpering little baby left in his arms.

"Daphne!" The speaker raised his voice cautiously, as with a careful finger he scratched on the side of the canvas tent by which he stood. There was no response. He withdrew a little from the shadow cast by the white wall into the brilliant moonlight to study some lines traced on the back of an old envelope.

"She marked her tent with a cross," he murmured. "This must be the one."

He lifted his head and glanced about him. The moonlight beat down clearly on a circle of tents pitched about a central canvas-covered court. The encampment, lifted up as it was in the white light on the brow of a grassy hill, fringed at its foot with a belt of dark trees, seemed to Ellsworth as the ghost of his ancestral home, whose blackened ruins lay further down the slope.

He turned again to the tent, and this time, at his soft call, the little shafts of yellow light which had been pricking their way out through the chinks in the canvas suddenly disappeared. The next moment a flap at the back of the tent lifted, and Delia's face appeared in the opening.

"Is it you?" she whispered. "How could you know I needed you?" There were traces of tears on her flushed cheeks, and her eyelashes were wet.

Ellsworth drew nearer to her.

"Why have you troubled so?" he whispered. "Did you think I should drown the baby in the spring? I won't deny I felt like it. How could you serve me so, Daphne?"

Delia drew a broken breath that ended in a hysterical laugh. Ellsworth went on without waiting for her reply:

"It was an awful experience. I never carried a baby before in my life. I had to creep along the side of the road like a thief. I remembered all you said about the branches putting his eyes out, and I did keep him quiet somehow. I watched for my chance from behind a tree near the store, and slipped the baby in when the old shopkeeper went out for a minute. He has found his grandson on a bale of calico by this time, I suppose. It was too bad of you, Daphne!" He paused again, looking into Delia's face.

"Don't worry any more, Daphne; it's all right. No one will ever know."

"How did you come here?" Delia asked, abruptly.

"I drove over with my buggy, and tied my horse down there in the road. I had to wait until it was dark to venture here, or I should have told you the baby was safe at once, and not let you trouble so long."

Delia gave another hysterical laugh, checking it with her finger on her lip and a glance over her shoulder into the tent.

"I'm so sorry I gave you such trouble," she said. "I never remembered that absurd baby until this moment, when you spoke of him. I suppose I'm glad it's safe, but it's not the baby that has troubled me."

She raised the flap further, and stepped out into the shadow of the tent. As she released the canvas, Ellsworth caught her falling hand, holding it in his.

"What is troubling you, dear?" he asked. "Not that you know I love you?"

Delia's eyes fell.

"You have never told me that."

"I never meant to, but I did. Daphne, you can see that I must speak to your father now."

She clung to his arm, quivering.

"No, no! I have spoken to him. He is angry and terrible and wicked."

"You have spoken to him!"

"When I got home and thought it over, I saw you felt I should have told my father of meeting you, and so I told him."

Ellsworth's grasp on her hand tightened. He had never seen Mr. McEwan closely but once; that was at the auction where they had exchanged angry words. He now

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recalled the old Scotchman's passionate, inflamed face, his vehement gestures.

"What did your father say?" he asked. "Don't tremble so, Daphne. Are you afraid?"

Delia looked up with an expression that startled him. It was not wholly unlike her father's. Her gray eyes were full of Scotch fire.

"I'm trembling with anger. Do you know what my father has done? He has turned me out of his house. That's why I needed you. I want you to take me away to-night."

Her voice broke. She turned aside.

Ellsworth drew her back to him, lifting her hand to his arm and holding it there. "Tell me all first," he said. "Do you mean that your father has really turned you out from your home?"

"From half of it. I won't stay in a home with a chalk-mark running down the middle of the dining-room tent."

"A chalk-mark!"

"Oh, don't keep repeating everything I say; and speak softly, or we shall be heard. Can't you understand? I told father everything at supper-time, and there was an awful scene at once. He tried to made me promise never to speak to you again. When I wouldn't, he shouted at me, and talked Scotch, as he always does when he's angry, and he beat on the table with his fist, until all the servants were listening around the dining-tent. At last he said no one should live in his house and defy him, so he took a piece of chalk and ran a white line down the center boards of the dining-tent floor, and moved his plate to the other side of it. He says it's to be a dead-line; this half of the tent is mine and that side his. I am to eat at one side of the table, he at the other; that I am never to cross the line, and he will not until I submit to him." Her teeth closed sharply. "Do you think I will stand that? I am my father's daughter. I have a line, too, and he's crossed it."

Ellsworth looked down in amazement. In the space of a few hours the girl he had known at the spring in the summer days had leaped into her autumn. His silence seemed to calm her. She dragged her hand away from him, petulantly, dropping back into her old manner.

"I do believe you are thinking I ought to stay here. You needn't help me to go unless you want to. My bag is half packed, and I only wanted you to drive me to the station to meet the night train into town. I had decided to go to my old nurse for a time. I think she is at the same place. Anyway, I can take care of myself, and I can easily walk to the station. No, I won't let you help me now."

Ellsworth had followed her to the flap of the tent through which she was retreating. He drew his arm about her, detaining her.

"Daphne," he entreated, "listen to me. You know you have only to ask—no, everything that I have is yours before asking. I am thrusting away what can only be the dearest temptation, when I entreat you to wait, dear, wait just a little, while I go now to your father, and—"

"Ah!" cried Delia, looking back into the tent.

Ellsworth's eyes followed hers, to see Mr. McEwan standing at the inner entrance. The candle he was holding raised above his head shone down on his white brows, which the furrows between drew into a straight line. His inflamed face showed the more crimson against his white hair that curled up fiercely on either side of his head, like the horns of Moses.

Ellsworth thought involuntarily of the white leader of his herd in the pasture back of the spring, as the old man moved forward, his head shaking on his short neck, his voice muttering hoarsely.

"Miserable child!" came from between his teeth.

Once, in his pasture, Ellsworth, armed with a pitchfork, had stepped between a trembling herdsman and the white bull's fury. It almost seemed to him that this scene was being repeated when he put Delia from him and advanced to the center of the tent, meeting the old man half-way—only this time he had no weapon but his tongue.

"Mr. McEwan," he said, sharply, "you have come just a moment too soon. In another hour your miserable child would have been my wife—happy, if I can make her so."

A startled cry drew his eyes anxiously back to Delia. She was standing with her eyes dilated, and her white face was as if terror-stricken by what she heard. She tried to speak, her lips moved without sound. Both men hurried toward her in the same instant. Ellsworth reached her side first, and caught her swaying body in his arms. Her face fell on his breast. As her father drew nearer, lifting the candle to scan her features, she roused to misinterpret the action, and shivered from his lifted hand closer into Ellsworth's arms. The brief anxiety which had softened the old man's face vanished. A deeper red suffused his brow.

"Take her," he cried, vehemently. "Why should my coming interrupt ye? With her mind poisoned, what boots the body to me? Take her, I say, and the quicker so much the better. Here—"

He set the candle down to thrust rudely into the open bag the articles Delia had laid ready on her bed. When he faced round again, his manner was more quiet. He looked at Ellsworth, who was bending over Delia's bowed head, whispering in her ear.

"Aye," the old man said, nodding grimly. "See that ye keep those promises—every one of them. I shall know if ye fail to her, and I'd shoot ye like a dog, with no more mercy or warning than ye showed me."

He held up his silencing hand as Ellsworth tried to speak.

"Where were you to be taking this?" he said, grasping the bag. "I want but that one word from ye? Don't talk to me, man; and keep behind me with the girl. There's limits to all things."

"To the road," said Ellsworth, briefly.

The old man strode out from the flap of the tent into the moonlight.

Ellsworth lifted Delia's head from his breast and looked into her face. "Come, dear," he said, tenderly, "come, quickly."

The tears rained from her eyes.

"I never meant this—never this."

"I know, but now it is better so. It is the only way. Trust me, and come."

When they reached the road, bright as day in the moonlight, the bag was already in the buggy, the horse untied, and the wheel turned from the step, by which Mr. McEwan stood like a statue, the reins gathered in his hand. He neither spoke nor seemed to look at his daughter or Ellsworth, but his eyes lowered and his jaws set rigidly as the latter lifted Delia from the ground at his side. On the step, as if involuntarily, she turned back with a choked word which ended in a sob, and Ellsworth, his hand still on her waist, paused also. The old man looked up. It seemed as if the whole group were held for a moment, poised. The father spoke at last, quickly:

"Go your way, I tell ye—go!"

He flung the reins into Ellsworth's hands as he spoke, and turned away. The horse plunged forward. The old man was left alone in the middle of the dusty road, the white moonlight shining down on his bare white head.

Ellsworth, in a hasty glance back over his shoulder, carried the look of a white, stony, almost terrified face away with him to where, a little further on, the trees arched over the back of the flying horse, shutting out the light.

"Lean against me, dear. Rest here in my arm. Do you remember the day you wanted to leap the stream below the spring? You could not until I gave you my hand from the other side. You said it was no support to you, but you needed to touch something human. You are taking a wider leap now. Lean on me, dearest!"

"But I never meant this—never this."

"Don't say that again, Daphne. You were willing to marry me at some time, were you not?"

"Perhaps. Yes—oh yes—"

He drew her into his arm and reined in his horse until the pace slacked. Neither of them spoke. From the woods on either side came the dank wild odor of night dews on sodden leaves. The night breeze shook the pine-trees and went its way laden with the heavy balsam.

"I love you," Ellsworth whispered. "Dearest, I love you too well to take you. Daphne, we must turn back."

Through a break in the leafy covering the light fell in, a

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broad white patch. Delia laid her hand on the reins, and the horse stopped. Her voice quivered with wounded feeling.

"I shall neither go back to my father nor another step forward with you. I shall do what I meant to before you came, and you cannot keep me; you must let me go!"

She would have left him and sprung to the road, but his arm held her.

"Never, except to your father. Daphne, you cannot doubt me? Every breath you draw is as much a part of my life as yours. But hear me one moment. I saw your father's face as I lifted you from the ground at his side, and again when we left him in the road—I wish you had seen it, too. We must go back to him."

Her lips set.

"I saw my father's face when he drew a dead-line between himself and his only child."

"Who crossed it first, Daphne? Do you think it was anger only that made him seek you in your tent to-night? You are his only child by reason of his sorrows, and—he is your only father. Can't you consent to forget and forego that chalk-line?"

Delia looked up, her lips quivering. "That line my father drew was made of chalk, but what it meant was you. Is that what you mean I should forget and forego?"

With a quick protest Ellsworth caught her back to him. Since the hour at the spring he had not touched her, except for protection or comfort. Now it seemed to him that they had gone back to the woods. Once more she was in his arms, once more he bent over her lifted face; now she did not fly from him, and for the first time he touched her lips with his.

"I will go back," said Delia, softly. "I will do whatever you want," and he kissed again the words on her lips.

"Do you think I would let you go except for a time? Dear one, we can afford waiting a little, can't we, when a lifetime together is to be our reward? After all, we shall not really part, even for a time."

"No," she answered, thoughtfully, "we couldn't; for now we are really married, aren't we? I feel it so."

"I think so," he answered, smiling. "As truly married as if we had not turned back."

"More truly," she asserted; "ever so much more truly. Before this I only thought I loved you; now—see, there is my wedding-veil."

She pointed to the patch of moonlight which seemed to encircle them, and they talked in whispers on their way back in the darkness under the arbor-like trees. It was Delia who finally decided upon their plan of return.

"You must take me to the back of my tent, where we came out, and let me slip in again. Then, in the morning before any one is awake, I will creep into the dining-tent and rub that wretched mark out forever. When father comes in, I shall not give him time to speak, but be in his arms and call him my only father, as you said." She paused. "Suppose father drives me out of all the tent; he might, as he did out of half."

"Yes, it is possible he may," Ellsworth answered. "Can you be brave to face him, ready for anything, Daphne, even that?"

"Yes," she faltered. "Yes, I will be brave," she added, more firmly. "Ah—" she ended with a little cry. As the horse reared suddenly and swerved to one side, Ellsworth caught a passing glance of the same stony face last seen as he looked back over his shoulder. Then it went down in the road under his horse. Ellsworth needed all his force to keep the iron feet turned aside. Every muscle, every thought, was absorbed in the effort. When he had conquered the frightened beast and could look elsewhere, he found the seat beside him empty, and he leaped into the road. There, on the exact spot where they had left him, lay Delia's father, dragging himself up on his elbow, staring with the same fixed gaze into his daughter's face. Delia was striving vainly to lift him, entreating him to speak to her. Ellsworth hung his reins on his arm, and grasped the old man by the shoulders, lifting him to his feet. He could stand easily, and seemed unhurt, though apparently unconscious of the change of posture, for his eyes were still set on Delia.

"Ye are married?" he asked.

In an agony of relief Delia flung herself upon her father's breast, clinging to him.

"No, no," she cried. "Oh, father, don't look at me with those eyes. I have come back. Can't you hear me? Father, I have come back to you." She shook his shoulders in her efforts to reach his understanding. "Father, have I killed you? I tell you I've come back. It is Delia, your only child."

There was a strange sound at which Ellsworth set his lips, and the heart in him came to his throat. He turned away. Delia, still clinging about her father's neck, broke into womanly sobbing. Beside the rending sobs of a strong man's weeping, it was as the complaining of the little branches when oak boughs break in the storm.

Ellsworth crept softly back to his horse. As he climbed into his buggy there came to him broken words that it made him flush to overhear.

"My child, my little dove, here in my arms! God, God, leave me this one!"

Ellsworth urged his horse quietly away. In this sacred hour he knew he had no part. As the distance grew between him and those he left, his heart dropped from his throat to be as lead in his bosom, while its strings tugged at him to turn, if for but one backward look. He would not by so much intrude until at the entrance of the woods. There, before he plunged into the darkness ahead, he faced about quickly, to see in the moonlight the two figures entwined together. Ellsworth drew the reins sharply, waiting for some sign—why he hardly knew, for Delia's head was on her father's breast, and his arms were clasped about her as for eternity.

"My little dove!" whispered the father, over and over. "No hawk shall steal ye from me again! Never! never!"

Delia looked up, gazing about her. "Where is he?" she cried. "Oh, father, see!" Her eyes were on the point of the road where Ellsworth had turned. "It was he who brought me home to you!" she cried. "Call him back to us, father, quickly!"

The old man looked down the road also, then dropped his eyes to his own clenched hand. The locked fingers had not unclosed since he left the tent.

"I cannot," he said, hoarsely. "I cannot."

"Father, you cannot still believe that he set fire to our house? The man who would not take me from you could not have taken that!"

He answered with reluctant honesty: "I have been thinking before, I was overhasty in judgment there. Some day I may tell him so, but not yet."

"Now, father, now! He is waiting. Beckon to him, or he will go!" She caught the clenched hand in hers, and with her soft fingers unlocked it.

"Father, dear, when you drew that line on the floor it was like searing the mark on my heart. One little motion of your hand can rub it out forever. Beckon to him, father!"

"What, beckon yon hawk back to my nest?"

He took her face in his hands, gazing into her eyes. "Bairn, after all these years, do ye love him best? Would ye humble your old father to him?"

"I love you both. Won't you so much as lift your hand to make me happy, father?" Her face was pressed nearer to him, her mother's eyes looked up at him. The old man suddenly lifted his face to the heavens. His lips moved before he spoke aloud. Then it scarcely seemed that it was to earthly ears.

"I can't go so far as to beckon, my dear, but ye may take my old arm in your hands and do with it what ye will. Beckon your hawk back to my nest, if ye desire."

Delia caught his hand in both hers. With her eager face set down the road, she made the stiff old arm rise and beckon.

"He is coming!" she cried, with a laugh of happiness. Her father caught her to him. "Oh, my dearie," he said, "ye must not leave me, ye must not—or take your old father's heart with you for the new nest's lining. For it's very, very soft to ye, dearie, softer than a child can know, maybe—or a lover either."

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The Home

The Cumulative Result

Thoughtlessness and selfishness are the causes of much public discomfort. For years the big hat in the theater has been condemned; of course it is as great an annoyance in the concert or lecture room. Can anything be more annoying than to have a view of the platform or stage entirely shut from sight by a hat? Even when the hat is beautiful there is no compensation, but when, as frequently happens, it is not the creation of art, and has no relation to nature except as a caricature, it becomes a barrier which few people bear with equanimity. The present little silk band and bow worn as a bonnet make really the first suitable theater or evening bonnet that we have had in use. These allow a pretty arrangement of the hair, and are, when artistically made, a decoration, and all that ever should be worn on the head in theater, concert, and, at times, even the lecture-room. They hardly suggest lectures on the sciences, but certainly are appropriate for lectures on art and literature. Next to the wearing of the big hat, which is a combination of thoughtlessness and selfishness, the habit of entering a hall or theater late is a special annoyance. It is unpardonable to disturb an audience by arriving late, entering hurriedly and usually noisily; and those who do this are usually the people who leave before the entertainment is over. Another bad habit is that of arranging wraps and overcoats during the last number of the programme, or the closing lines of a play, or the last paragraph of a lecturer. Often the rustle of these movements will destroy a period of eloquence or the climax of a musical idea. One sympathizes with the man who said that he thought that just before the doxology and benediction in church the minister ought to say, "We will now stop to put on our overcoats."

There has been a marked improvement in the manners of American audiences in late years. Now one really can attend a season of concerts and at the close of the season will have to admit that a disturbance caused by whispering was the unusual and not the usual experience. If each person would only realize that the little pet habit which he has cherished, of late arriving, of early departure, or preparations for departure before the proper time, is duplicated by very many people in the same audience, the value of overcoming this habit would be apparent. It is not the entrance of one person, or the departure of one person, or the whispering of one person in an audience, that is so annoying, but it is the percentage of the audience who permit themselves to indulge in these bad habits—if one may not call them bad manners. If one must leave before the expiration of the time which it is reasonable to suppose is necessary for the completion of a programme, no matter what that programme is, the least he can do is to choose to occupy a seat as near the door as possible. By this means much discomfort will be saved.

The Letter and the Man

By Lyman Abbott

A boy lies in the hospital on the Potomac; and letters come from home, and he is glad to get them. They are sacred, and he treasures them, and puts them beneath his pillow, and reads and re-reads them. By and by some nurse appears at his side and says, "I have come here from your native village, and your mother asked me to come and inquire for you and find out about you." And she is more to him than any other nurse, because she has come from his native village, and from his father's home and his mother's home. But one morning he wakes up from his troubled and fevered sleep and feels a hand upon his brow and sees some one stooping over him, and looks up; and it is his mother herself who is looking down into his face. More sacred than the letter, more sacred than the messenger, is this mother herself who has come to him. The Bible brings us some word of God, and the prophets and apostles of all times bring us some word of God, but the glory of the Christian religion is this: that the Father-God and the Mother-God come to our fever-stricken couch, and stand by our side, and look down into our face, and listen to our words, and nurse, and medicate, and bring us back to life and love again.

"No man cometh to the Father but by Christ." By Christ every man may come to the Father. And if there be any one to whom God is an unknown God and a far-away God, and he knows not how to approach him or pray to him, think of the Christ that walked by the shore of Galilee, think of the Christ that put his hand upon the fevered brow of the leper, think of the Christ that wept at the grave of Lazarus, think of the Christ that bade the repentant sinner go and sin no more, see in him the image of the Father, believe that what he was in that one short period of three brief years the Eternal Father is eternally; turn your thoughts to that Christ, think of him as sitting at your side, speak your wants to him, tell your needs to him, open your heart's adoration and love to him: for "he that honoreth the Son honoreth the Father, and he that loveth the Son loveth the Father, and he that cometh to the Son cometh to the Father." The Father is no longer a great way off, but walks in our midst, lives our life, sits by our side, enters into our heart-experiences.

An Unsettled Question

The domestic servant question is one that taxes the intelligence of American housekeepers, and no one offers a solution. The rapid growth in apartment-houses with restaurants, family hotels, and the like, shows how many homes are destroyed because servants cannot be secured who can meet the demands of homes that must be maintained on limited incomes. Statistics show that in 1870 there were 1,836,288 women engaged in paid occupations in the United States. One-half of these were employed in domestic service. In 1880 the number of workingwomen in the United States had increased to 2,647,157, and only one-third of these were in domestic service. The reason why self-supporting women refuse to enter families is one which must be found by the mistresses, and without doubt it is that class of mistresses who employ but one servant or two who must solve the problem. Certainly the remuneration for servants is higher than that paid to the girl who works in the factories, showing clearly that money—that is, the increase of wages—will not solve the problem. The home life of hundreds of families in this country is destroyed because workingwomen, willing and skillful, cannot be found to enter domestic service. On the other hand, every large city is struggling with the question of the unemployed, and those living right in the midst of this class cannot secure skilled service.

In a measure, families of the middle class are beginning slowly to solve this question. Cooking-schools have become fashionable. Not to know how to cook will, before long, be considered on a par with that lack of intellectual training which limits one to the use of one language. Untrained mistresses have doubtless been responsible to a great degree for the untrained servants. When the mistress knows the real difficulty of domestic work, the possibility of accidents, the time required, she will be more reasonable in her demands, less censorious and more sympathetic. The relation of mistress and maid must be more socialistic, especially in small households. There is a mutual dependence which, when fully recognized, reduces the servant-girl problem in that particular home. No ser-

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vant will render devoted service where her relations are merely commercial. She must be considered as a social being, and her social life provided for; she must be considered as a physical being, and her comfort and health be of enough importance for the mistress to demand space, light, and air for her from landlords; she must be made to feel that her relation to the family, so long as she fulfills the requirements of her position, is one of personal interest, and all in the family must recognize that discourtesy and bad manners are as obnoxious to the maid as to the family. The commercial relation must be commercial in the true sense; there must be a fair equivalent of service rendered for the wages paid. It is absolutely dishonest for a mistress to pay more wages to a servant than she is worth. It is far better that all the family should suffer for a little while than that the home should be controlled by the autocrat who does not govern herself. The whole problem of domestic service is a complicated one, and, while the principle of fair wages for service bears alike in every household, there are certain families where concessions must be made in the privileges given if servants are to be retained.

The domestic service question is the most important problem that women have to solve. It is the one that is most complex and the one that is determined by character independent of wages. The recognition of character as a factor in the problem will raise the grade of intelligence of the women who enter this field.

The wages paid must be a recognition of ability. A woman who meets the demands of a refined home where but one servant is employed should receive the highest wages; this is the only guide she has of recognition of her ability. Liberty must be given her. She cannot, she should not, be held to the lines of limitation that are necessary to protect ignorance from itself. No woman of ability in her chosen field of labor will submit to the treatment, the oversight, the direction, that ignorance demands. On the other hand, the mistress who pays the wages demanded for skilled labor to unskilled labor, and misplaces it in its relation to the economic world, commits a grievous error—one that imposes an unjust burden on the housekeepers of her class.

The Club for American Girls Studying in Paris

By Caro Lloyd

One frequently passes in the Latin Quarter of Paris girls who reveal by their sailor hats and the delicate beauty beneath the brims that they are Americans. They usually carry canvases, and walk with a purpose. French people, seeing them, whisper, "Anglaises." They often turn into the narrow Rue de Chevreuse. Here, at No. 4, any American girl student has only to ring and the great door opens hospitably. Entering, she sees a cheerful yellow house surrounding a court. She will discover on the first floor a well-equipped reading-room with a library of six hundred volumes, where there is a cheerful fire, and beside it that American luxury, a rocking-chair, with flowers on the mantel, and, sitting quietly reading while the clock cozily ticks, American girls, potential friends. Here she will feel at once an atmosphere of home. She may wander into the "tea-room" adjoining, where there is a piano and where students gather daily for a social chat over five o'clock tea. There is also the "blue room," where she may receive her friends, and in another she may get excellent meals at prices below those of any restaurant. When told that all she need do to become a member of this club is to come and enjoy these comforts, she will be ready to exclaim, with one homesick girl, "This is a little heaven on earth. I have sat in the public restaurant alone with the tears rolling down my cheeks into my soup." And she will wonder how this beautiful reality grew.

This Club for American Girls Studying in Paris had, like most worthy achievements, a small beginning. Eight years ago Mrs. William Newell, the wife of a well-known American clergyman (lately deceased), noticed at her reception a lonely girl, and, calling upon her soon after, found her in a tiny bare room. "Don't loosen your cloak," the girl said. "I took a room without a chimney, lest I should be tempted to have a fire." She was an art student making a brave struggle to stay in Paris, and her heroism was that year rewarded by her picture being accepted at the Salon. Mrs. Newell, who had herself been homesick in Paris, has ever since been holding in her heart and brain the hope of brightening the loneliness that often comes to American girls transplanted to this foreign life.

She and her husband began by inviting the students to their home Sunday evenings, and many came. If there were not chairs enough, they sat on the floor. Mr. Newell gave a talk, and then there were singing, refreshments, and a sociable time afterward. Those social Sunday evenings of which the Club is an outgrowth now form a main interest of club life. After this many ladies in the American colony became interested, so that an apartment was taken three years ago, and the Club formed; but nothing like the present spacious quarters was dreamed of. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid then very generously offered to meet the running expenses. So it is now a permanent institution.

The restaurant is Mrs. Newell's long-cherished plan. Many students who live in studios cook their breakfasts hastily on alcohol lamps, dine at restaurants where they are subject to unpleasant experiences, and at the end of a long day's work cook their own suppers; others live in expensive boarding-houses. Many are teachers who have earned the money to come, and they find everything dear in Paris except bread and gloves. The problem is to stay as long as possible, so every franc is regarded in its capacity to keep one in Paris. There are, besides, temptations tugging at their purses—operas, classic plays, studio properties to buy in fascinating junk-shops, books bound to order to suit one's caprice, for a mere song, and, above all, summer excursions into Holland and England. Accordingly, the restaurant has been enthusiastically received. It is fitted with dainty china, silver, and linen given by the American ladies. The Parisian breakfast of coffee and a roll is five cents, or chocolate and roll six; oatmeal with milk is six cents. A luncheon of meat, a vegetable, and dessert costs from fifteen to twenty cents. Here is the menu of a recent dinner: Soupe aux haricots, 4 cents; gigot de mouton garni de riz, 10 cents; bœuf roti purée, 9 cents; riz créole, 4 cents; carrotes béchamel, 4 cents; purée de pommes, 4 cents; salade chicorée, 4 cents; petite suisse, 3 cents; fromage camembert, 3 cents; gateau à la crême, 4 cents; poire et raisins, 5 cents; café noir, 3 cents.

The house, full of rambling passages like one in a story, has rooms for any forty members who wish to live there. It was Professor Keller's Protestant School, and here many an American boy was educated. Perhaps its old walls, as they prick their ears again at the sound of English, will some day hear the voices of those boys' daughters. It was filled at once, and the only pity is that there is not another like it. The rooms range in price from fifteen to sixty cents a day, including service. Those studying French may take board at a table where no English is spoken. This costs seven dollars a week, room included. There is also a French class for all members.

The community has a charming variety—New York Art League girls, college girls, a pupil of Guilmant the organist, an enthusiastic decorator who returns from the Bon Marché with exquisite and expensive draperies which she has to sell to the other girls to repair the fatal damage to her allowance. One of the quietest is a passionate explorer, the only woman who has penetrated the lower Mackenzie. Her room is adorned with presents from the Eskimo, and a wonderful Norway fish-net. The graduates of Vassar, Wellesley, and Michigan there say that the life reminds them of their college days.

A typical room is that of two Vassar girls who, through much traveling, have learned to quickly make homelike quarters: the beds disguised as divans, the washstand screened, the writing-table where the long home letters are written, and everywhere curios gathered in their wanderings—peasant hats, Syrian scarfs, Dutch mugs. One

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studies at the Sorbonne, hence her shelves of French books, and the other is an art student. She has been painting "still life;" on the floor stand an enormous pumpkin and two Dutch water-jugs. One, of copper, sturdy and manlike, is christened Hans; the other, of shining brass, with slender waist and bulging hips, like a frau with thirteen skirts, is Gretchen. Hans's owner, having bought him on her travels, and finding it impossible to manage both him and her satchel, left the latter and packed her portable property in Hans, to the amusement of innumerable porters. The portrait of Hans and Gretchen, to say nothing of the pumpkin, hangs above them. As one stands wrapped in this American atmosphere, suddenly a shrill cry of a vender in the street below recalls the strange life surrounding us.

In a wing are rooms soon to be made into bowling-alley and gymnasium, and the art-gallery. Last autumn sixty art students met, formed a permanent association, and arranged for an annual exhibition in December, at which their work is to be offered for sale. A custom has been inaugurated of the Club's buying one of the pictures each year for its reading-room.

Passing through a high gate, one enters the garden, whose old lilacs and ivies will now gain new ambition, and whose hard ground will probably, next spring, blossom with sweet-peas and roses. Here, under the lindens and maples, stands St. Luke's, the students' chapel, a gift of Dr. Morgan, the rector of Holy Trinity, Paris. Here is held the only English service on the "left bank," a district of more inhabitants than Brooklyn. The pastor, the Rev. William Newell, until his death in January last, was wont to preach to an inspiring congregation of students of architecture, painting, sculpture, languages, and medicine, including prize men from our universities. He was known as "the Student's Friend," which justly describes the beauty of feeling between him and them. The Club is only in its infancy; a happy history is growing around it, and new fields will continually open before it. It is whispered that it already harbors a genius. Certainly the talent gathered under its broad roof will flourish the better for the healthful, inspiring life there. To come from the contentious, evil-thinking city into its atmosphere of love and mutual help is like finding "home."

My Eyes for Beauty Pine

By Robert Bridges

My eyes for beauty pine,
  My soul for Goddës grace:
No other hope nor care is mine;
  To heaven I turn my face.

One splendor thence is shed
  From all the stars above:
'Tis namèd when God's name is said;
  'Tis love, 'tis heavenly love.

And every gentle heart,
  That burns with true desire,
Is lit from eyes that mirror part
  Of that celestial fire.

—*New York Tribune.*

Picked Up

It is reported that a National College of Music is to be established, with the best-known musicians of the country as its trustees.

A movement is on foot in New York among a number of artists and their friends, believers in the elevating influence of art, to collect pictures to form a circulating art-gallery in the hospitals. The pictures will be hung for a given period in each hospital, and are then transferred until the entire collection has been in each hospital. Each collection is a loan collection, and can be renewed by additions as the pictures are returned to the owners. The generosity of the artists has made the delightful enterprise possible.

There has been invented a hose-pipe charged with air for the purpose of sweeping and dusting rooms. It is used just as a hose for water is used for washing purposes. It is applied in Chicago to cleaning cars.

A merchant out West has offered a reward of $1,000 in gold for a barrel, box, or package, to weigh one pound, that will carry 196 pounds of flour or meal. The present barrel of staves differs so in weight that a barrel or wrapper for flour is needed that will be uniform in weight.

Among the many pretty legends of lace-making is one that a Venetian sailor gave to his lady-love, to keep in memory of him while he made a sea voyage, a beautiful piece of seaweed. After he sailed the girl found that the seaweed was slowly drying up. She caught the fine leaves and branches with thread against a piece of linen, and invented lace.

Parasols and Umbrellas

By Alethe Lowber Craig

When pretty Miss Primrose strolls down the sunshiny avenue, carrying over her bonny head a creation of lace, ribbons, and gauze ruffles, that, possibly, bears almost too close a relationship to a glorified lamp-shade, does she ever send her thoughts far back into the night of time before parasols existed? Does she think of the Egyptians, Assyrians, and Chinese, who first used the parasol? Does she know that it originated, as did the arches of Gothic cathedrals, from the shade afforded by the branches of trees? In that long ago, kings gave audience and delivered judgment seated under trees; then throne-trees were erected in judgment-halls, there overspreading the throne, for the symbolism of shade and majesty. At a festival given by one of those gorgeous ancient kings of India, bending over the throne in the judgment-hall was a many-branched tree, with trunk of silver; the branches were of gold; the buds and blossoms, rubies; the fruit, sapphires and golden cornelian-stones; and the foliage, emeralds.

But kings could not always sit in judgment-halls, and they wished their majesty to surround them when they went out; so, in the burning East, majesty and comfort combined in the form of a canopy. Therefore in Eastern countries the umbrella was for ages the insignia of royalty, and in many of them is now permitted only to the king and greatest nobles.

Centuries ago the Mahratta princes had the title of "Lords of the Umbrella," while one very powerful sovereign in India was known as "King of the White Elephant and Lord of Twenty-four Umbrellas," which signified that he reigned over twenty-four umbrella-bearing princes. The king alone had the prerogative of a white umbrella, although by princely condescension certain nobles were permitted to have their heads and faces screened from the sun by smaller umbrellas of other colors. Those of Siamese kings were made with several separate circles, one above another, while the nobles used those with only a single circle.

The Chinese were the only people who did not confine the use of the umbrella to the king and to princes of the blood, although with them only men of wealth and high position had this privilege. The common people protected themselves from sun and rain with hats of a broad shape similar to that of the umbrella. The antiquity of the use of the umbrella in the East is proved by old writings in which Vishnu, the god, is described as going into the infernal regions with an umbrella in his hand.

In ancient Greece white umbrellas were borne by priestesses, and later were used by women of rank. In Rome, in those days, their use was confined to women and effeminate men. In the Middle Ages their use among women

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was uncommon, but they were an emblem of rank in the Church.

The umbrella was not known in France till the last half of the sixteenth century, and, as a fashion, extended to men in the last years of the Empire; but it was probably introduced into England as early as the fourteenth century, since an old manuscript of that time has a drawing of an Anglo-Saxon gentleman walking out with a servant behind him carrying over his head an umbrella with a handle that slopes backward. The umbrella was introduced into general use in France from China in the middle of the seventeenth century, though it was in use in Italy seventy-five years earlier.

The traveler Jonas Hanway, who died in 1786, is credited with being the first Englishman who habitually carried an umbrella. His habit was derided, but he persisted in his fad for thirty-five years. If ghosts ever can return to their old haunts, Jonas really ought to obtain permission to come back and look upon the Englishman of to-day, who never moves without his umbrella, making it the indispensable "compagnon de voyage," the faithful friend that accompanies him in his most perilous adventures. In short, Jonas would be pleased to learn that an Englishman is no longer complete without an umbrella.

The modern umbrella occasionally does service as a symbol, though not of majesty. With the French it is the symbol of a tranquil, peaceable life; and when they wish to represent the mediocre, calm type, they picture a man carrying under his arm a very substantial "family umbrella."

From the heavy, oiled-silk, huge affair that was once in vogue, and from the diminutive parasol that was the height of fashion thirty or forty years ago, styles have converged to a canopy of medium size, comfortable weight, and extreme elegance, called an umbrella if it is plain and serviceable, or a parasol if it is delicate and elaborate.

The umbrella modes of different countries are almost as various as the peasant costumes. In Würzburg, for instance, on a showery day, the market square, with the numerous umbrellas of the market-women, looks like a vast garden. These umbrellas are of every color—crimson, blue, green, even marigold yellow—some in one color, but more of them surrounded with a rainbow of colored lines as a border, and others wreathed about with a pattern of many-hued flowers. In Innsbruck similar umbrellas can be found—red, green, brown, white—lined with pink, like mushrooms. In Japan, too, a rainy day is divested of much of its dreariness. The umbrellas, of oiled paper and innumerable straight ribs, are many of them yellow, ornamented only with the character for "happiness" painted on one side in glossy black. Thus a golden glow seems to be constantly peeping encouragingly through rifts in the gray atmosphere.

So from the mist of ages the umbrella has come down to us, with centuries behind of lordly association and gentle protection, and in a present state of ease, grace, simplicity, and appropriateness that is the perfection of cultivation.

The Vacation Fund

The generous increase of the Fund this week is a proof of the development of the sentiment of brotherhood. To give money where those benefited will never meet those who gave the positive evidence of interest, tests the giver. To give where those who receive can express their appreciation, gives to the most unselfish a consciousness of having performed good. But money given where there is no return but the consciousness of an increase in the sum total of health, happiness, and productive power of a portion of God's family, enlarges man's conception of his relation to God and man. The song was found where the singer least expected it. Every dollar given to this Fund gives laughter for tears, strength for weakness, faith in man in place of distrust and fear. There has been a strike in a shop in New York that has lasted the entire winter. The strike is pathetic whether one sympathizes with the strikers or not. For a dozen girls in one shop to go out with the thought that they can bring about better conditions for their trade has in it the elements of heroism.

One morning one of the strikers appeared at this office. Her face was perfectly white and drawn, and her eyes sunken and glassy; hunger and cold had been her familiar companions for weeks. Some questions were asked as to the causes of the strike. Wages had been reduced below the standard of living, not at once, but by gradual reductions like the turning of a screw, till the agony could be borne no longer. When the final protest was made, the foreman met it with the suggestion that there were ways by which wages could be increased. This striker was nineteen years old, and finished her story with the declaration that "men were devils." The indignant protest that the brutality of one man should not be taken as the expression of all men met with a look of patient endurance, and the response that "when I see some of the other kind, I shall believe it." Half of the strikers from this shop spent two weeks in the country, the guests of the readers of The Outlook, under the Working-Girls' Vacation Society. They believe there are some of "the other kind."

Previously acknowledged	$2,125 48
J. B. and M. B., Syracuse, N. Y.	5 00
Do Good Circle of King's Daughters, Olean, N. Y.	5 00
C. A., New Jersey	5 00
Pennie Club of Tileston Hall, Hampton, Va	3 00
A Subscriber	1 00
Third-Room Girls, Linden Hall Seminary, Lititz, Pa.	6 10
Four Sisters, New Haven, Conn.	60 00
A Friend, Wawatosa, Wis.	10 00
From a Working-Girl	2 00
C. S. H., Buckland, Conn.	5 00
C. I. M., Washington, D. C.	7 00
Mr. and Mrs. L. D., Brookline, Mass.	10 00
Mrs. S. A. D., Brookline, Mass.	5 00
A. M. K., Plymouth, N. H.	100 00
W. H., New York	25 00
A. G. H., Berlin, Germany	25 00
M. S., Lake Mohonk, N. Y.	25 00
E. P. F., Pittsfield, Mass.	2 00
From Two Friends, Belchertown, Mass.	2 00
G. R., Bainbridge, N. Y.	4 00
Grammar School No. 50, New York City	10 50
E. P., Maine	4 00
Two Friends, St. John's, Mich	3 00
P. G., Lenox, Mass.	5 00
Altruria, Bloomfield, N. J.	2 00
Y. P. S. C. E., Universalist Church, Southold, N. Y.	15 00
Ginger Jar, Hanover, N. H.	10 00
From a Friend	345 56
J. K., Milwaukee, Wis.	5 00
Mrs. S. C. S., Carthage, N. Y.	5 00
From a Friend, Richmond, Ind	1 00
E. B. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.	10 00
M. L. F., Kingston, N. Y.	30 00
Mrs. J. R. W., Clifton Springs, N. Y.	5 00
Alan, Lindenhurst, N. Y.	5 00
A Washington Friend	5 00
E. H. B., New Bedford, Mass.	5 00
Worcester, Mass.	15 00
H. E. C., Worcester, Mass.	5 00
Total	$2,918 64

A Good Habit

One of the most interesting figures of modern times is Mr. Gladstone, not only because of his political achievements, but on account of his scholarship. Few men who devote themselves to literary work alone have attained greater prominence in that field than Mr. Gladstone, and his success is in a measure due to the habit of orderliness. He formed the habit, when a boy, of taking notes carefully, of arranging his books and papers in an orderly manner. As these accumulations of his busy life increased, he found these habits of great value, and those about him followed his example. His secretaries have been trained to learn the meaning of certain marks placed by Mr. Gladstone on the letters given them to answer. Every book owned by Mr. Gladstone has been put in its right place by himself, and his system of arranging his pigeonholes and envelopes enables any one of his secretaries to find any paper needed.

This is one of the first habits a boy or girl should train himself or herself into, the habit of having a place for everything and putting everything in its place. "Order is heaven's

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first law" is a good motto to make practical. It will save time and increase the working power of any one who practices it.

How Flower-Pots are Made

By Amy Wightman

Let us watch a potter at his wheel. The apparatus before him is simple, consisting of a bench, let into the top of which is a horizontal wheel revolving by a treadle. At his right is a tank for water, near which are piled lumps of finely ground clay wet to the right consistence. Each weighs a pound and a half.

At his left is a board holding six pots just from the wheel. Behind him is a framework on which boards are placed as fast as filled, that the pots may dry before baking. They are the nine-inch hanging pots, and the making of one includes nearly all the processes in use for making any kind of flower-pot, excepting those made in molds.

The potter drops a lump of clay on the center of the moving wheel, shaping it with both hands to the form of a short, thick cylinder, which, while turning evenly and rapidly, is hollowed at the top by the fingers and widened slightly, leaving it like a rude cup several inches high. A few downward strokes around the base spread out the allowance of clay for the saucer flat upon the wheel.

Then this whirling cup begins to rise higher and thinner under the potter's fingers, the circle of the rim growing wider and wider, till the cup changes to an old-fashioned wine-glass, with its flat standard, very short, thick stem, and funnel-shaped upper part. But this form alters as, with wet fingers and sometimes with a wet wooden scraper, the potter presses against the inner side, till, rising higher and swelling outward, it gains a beautifully rounded outline and is the desired size. The edge is turned over at right angles and wetted and smoothed with the scraper till a perfect rim an inch or more wide is formed. Then for the first time the wheel is still, while the drainage-hole just above the saucer is punched with a pointed stick from the outside, thus leaving the outer surface smooth, though the inner is rough.

In the same way the holes for chains in the rim of the pot are made, the wheel revolving slowly while the distance between them is measured accurately and quickly by the eye.

Next the rim of the saucer is turned upward and smoothed like the upper rim.

The pot is now ready for the finishing touch, and turns very slowly as the rim is crimped with thumb and finger, the number of scallops coming out even at the end with no gap between or any too near together.

With a quick motion, a wet string held taut cuts the bottom of the saucer from the wheel, and the finished pot is lifted to the board.

The whole process has taken only one minute and twelve seconds. Truly the work seems done as by magic. It is as fascinating to watch as glass-blowing, being not an exhibition of strength or of mechanical precision, but of pure skill in handiwork.

Most of the flower-pots now made are shaped in plaster-of-Paris molds. These are in three sections shaped inside like the bottom and sides of a pot, are very thick, and are held together by means of corresponding projections and depressions in their edges. Often the inner surface has a fancy pattern, which, being depressed in the mold, appears raised on the pot. Rustic pots are made in this way. A favorite design is a vine around the rim, the rest of the surface showing a repoussé effect.

The process of molding is short and comparatively easy. There is the same horizontal wheel, though turned by machinery. The mold, holding the right quantity of clay, is placed firmly upon the wheel. While in rapid motion the operator presses against the inside a thin wooden piece suspended from above, shaped like a half-section of the inside of the pot. Held firmly against the whirling mold, it forces the clay into the desired shape in a few seconds.

After the porous mold has absorbed the moisture, the pot is taken out and whirled rapidly, while a cutting metal edge is held against it, trimming the ragged edge of the rim and throwing it off in a thin clay ribbon.

The parts of the mold not fitting perfectly, the clay forced into the cracks has to be cut away, after which the pot is ready for baking.

Pieces to be glazed on the inside have a thin brown glazing mixture poured into them, shaken, and turned out. When baked, they are ready for decoration.

The pots to be colored are dipped in a large pail of paint, and turned to drain upon a rack over a shallow box which slants towards and drains into another pail, which, when full, is emptied into the first, thus applying the paint evenly and quickly and with little waste. The inner edges are painted by hand before the ware is baked.

Around the great circular furnaces are built the thick parallel walls of the kilns, reaching to the ceiling; and in this space, perhaps three or four feet wide, the pottery to be burnt is carefully piled, the thick doors shut, the heat gradually raised to the right point and as slowly cooled.

Large flower-pots are piled one on another, every other pot being inverted, giving the effect of rows of fantastic pillars. Shelves built of blocks of fire-brick support other kinds of pottery. Saucers are set on their rims in horizontal rows.

The unpainted clay wares require for their first baking a heat of 2,500°, and the decorated wares a heat of 2,000°. The degree of heat is estimated by experimenting with substances which are known to melt at certain temperatures.

Around these furnaces, glowing with white heat, the wares are kept twenty-four hours for a first baking, and from four to six hours for subsequent firing as required after decoration.

The red color of baked clay is due to the presence in the clay of oxide of iron.

Of course, among hundreds of flower-pots there are some imperfect ones, too hard or too soft baked, misshapen or cracked. The perfect goods are packed with hay in casks for transportation, or are stored in open crates, or simply piled together in the warehouses.

Jack's Realization

An interesting story is told of a Hartford dog. He was lying on the ground near a hammock in which his master was swinging. He stood up on his hind legs after a time and looked at his master as though he had concluded that silence had been maintained for a long enough period. His master looked at him and said: "Jack, it seems to me it's a long time since you have really done anything in the way of catching a woodchuck. Now, if I were in your place, I wouldn't be lazing around here all day; I'd go off up over the east hill and see if I couldn't manage to retrieve my credit and get some game."

Jack looked at him with a little expression of protest, but trotted slowly off. He returned two hours later with a woodchuck, and laid it at his master's feet. He had evidently understood just what was expected of him.

Incentives to History-Study

The Sons of the Revolution of the State of New York deserve the gratitude of the people of the State for their recent offer of medals of gold, silver, and bronze to the pupils of the high schools of Albany, Binghamton, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Elmira, Ithaca, Oswego, Rochester, Syracuse, Troy, and Utica, for the best original essays on the subject of "New York in the War of the Rebellion." The essays must be submitted before December 1 in 1894. Certain it is that the only way in which history can be taught and made to seem real is by linking the city, the town, the State, with the events of National importance, so far as there is a connection.

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For the Little People

Two Shots

By Mary Allaire

He did not swagger, but still you know he was a boy who thought he knew everything; he felt that he could not be taught, and made you understand that feeling, and you never attempted to show him a nest you had discovered, or a good place in the brook for fishing, or the points in a new game. There was always in his manner something that made you understand that he knew that particular thing before you were born.

His father gave him a gun for his birthday. He took it, and but half listened to the instruction given him. He was cautioned about using it on the farm where he lived, near the house. There were woods on the farm where he was at liberty to use the gun, if he would not kill the birds. He feared his father; the only other fear he had was of ridicule.

One evening his father had gone to the village four miles away. Tea was over, and the boy of the gun and his brothers and sisters were sitting on the horse-block talking, when our self-sufficient boy jumped hurriedly to his feet, and in a whisper, but in great excitement, announced that there was a woodchuck in the low apple-tree just over the fence in the orchard. They all laughed at him, but he hurried off for his gun. When he came back one of his brothers called out, "Don't shoot; it's the maltese cat!" With a look of scorn the owner of the gun walked hurriedly off. Before he could be stopped he walked to the fence, took aim, and fired. There was a cry of pain, and a fall from the tree of the thing shot. They all hurried into the orchard, and there, dead on the grass, lay the dear old maltese cat that had been a member of the family longer than some of the children. One would think that the owner of the gun would have learned a lesson from this that he would not forget.

He had always wanted to shoot a bear; he talked a good deal about what he would do if he met one. Bears in those days did appear once in a while in the region where this boy lived. One day his uncle drove a long distance to visit his brother. The weather was cold, and he was well bundled in fur robes. The robes were thrown over a fence by this boy when he drove to the barn; it was considered safer to have the robes brought indoors. The robes were forgotten, and the wind blew them off the fence to the ground. The boy looked out of the window that night and saw, close to the fence, a black, furry object, fierce-looking and wild, moving as though creeping. "Bears!" he whispered under his breath, and, getting down on all fours, he crept toward the closet where he kept his gun, loaded it with shot, and crept back to the window, carrying the gun as he had seen guns carried by Indians in pictures. He rose cautiously, as though the bear could get at him through the second-story window, and raised his head like an Indian peering over a rock. Yes: there it was, black and terrible. If it would only move toward the cow-house, so that the family could know how brave he was! There it moved again! He raised the window; the bear heard the noise, stopped, and listened. The boy reached for the bootjack, slipped it under the window, rested the gun on the window-sill, aimed at the bear just as he raised on his hind feet, pulled the trigger, and fired. The bear fell, but the whole family rose and came into the boy's room in a state of excitement. Had the gun exploded? Where were the robbers? Were they at the hen-house?

"Bear!" the boy at last gasped. "Where?" He pointed to the window. The moon came through a cloud and shone directly on his uncle's fur robes that the boy had left on the fence. His father brought them up, and seemed to struggle between anger and distress. The robes were riddled with shot, and had to be replaced.

Every time the boy looked at his shabby coat that winter he remembered "the bear."

❀

Eight Chickens

By Mary L. French

Out in the garden, this sunny day,
Eight little babies are at play.

They roam around under the apricot-tree,
As happy as even wee babies can be.

They run to the trellis and see the white rose,
And the place where the pretty geranium grows,

And say, "How brave and how daring are we
To come so far from the apricot-tree!"

Then Mary comes out with crumbs of bread,
And the babies all cry, "Oh, we're going to be fed!"

They run to their mother. Her room's very small,
And they all climb in through a hole in the wall.

She calls them so softly and feeds them all,
And lovingly watches each soft yellow ball.

And then they all creep 'neath her feathers so white,
And sweet voices murmur a gentle "Good-night!"

Their eyes are so bright, their behavior so fine,
Heard you ever of babies so lovely as mine?

❀

Some Big Folks' Mistakes

Sometimes little children have their feelings hurt because when they ask for help the big folks think they would be able to help themselves if they would only stop a moment and think. But big folks often do things that show that they do not always think when they meet difficulties. Not long ago a gentleman found that he could not open his safe. He tried again and again, but the key failed to open the safe. He telegraphed to New York to the safe-manufacturer, who sent up a skilled workman to examine the safe. The man took the key and put it in the lock. He looked at the key a moment after removing it from the lock, took a stick and removed a piece of dirt from it, put it back in the lock, and opened the safe. There was a piece of dirt in the key which prevented its fitting the lock. I heard of a young lady the other day to whom a watch had been given by her father. After a couple of months the watch would not go, the young lady said. She took it to a jeweler, who looked at it, wound it, and handed it back to the young lady, who was greatly ashamed. She had forgotten to wind it, and when she found it stopped she concluded that it was broken. Big folks, you see, do not always think.

❀

Brooklyn's Outing

A little while ago four lions were born in Brooklyn. The mother lion killed two, and the two left were taken away from her. The one named Brooklyn was given to a man in New York, who put it in charge of a black-and-tan dog named Fanny. Fanny was very good to Brooklyn, although she did not understand her. She was troubled because this strange little daughter did not bark like her other children, and she certainly did not look like the others. Her head was very large, and she had a great deal of hair. In spite of the difference, Fanny and her little family were very happy together. Fanny and her family were in a large cage, and one morning recently, when the cage was opened to let out Fanny, the experiment of letting out Brooklyn was made. Brooklyn got out into the street and started down town. She was greatly puzzled over the excitement her appearance caused, but nevertheless she kept on her way. She was not at all crowded. Everybody got out of her way. At last the story was started that a lion was loose in the streets, and mothers and fathers ran out to save their children from the wild beast. The wild beast, friendly and playful, kept trotting along, wishing it had somebody to play with. The moment it started to play with a horse coming along the street the driver whipped the horse, and he ran as fast as he could. At last the little runaway was caught by a policeman, who took it in his arms and carried it back to its foster mother, who was delighted to see it. The lion, who was only a baby, cuddled down in Fanny's arms and tried to tell its story, but Fanny and Brooklyn did not speak the same language, and Brooklyn has not yet found out why people ran away when she tried to be friendly.

❀

Snail-Farming

In Switzerland there are snail-farms. The people raise the snails for market. Very few people in this country know that snails are *good for food, or use them. In Switzerland* the snail-farms are divided into small parts, separated by fences about two feet high with nails along the top to prevent the snails from running away. Little arbors of moss are provided for the snails as shelters from the sun, for snails do not like the sun. If there is not lime or chalk in the earth of the farm, the farmer sprinkles it about. Snails eat cabbage, salad, nettles, and dandelion. They seem to be most hungry after a rain.

The harvest-time for snails is the latter part of August or the first of September. Then the snails are sorted out. Those having rounded white houses are considered fat, and are the most valuable. They are packed in boxes in soft hay. If they grow too warm they will open their shells and burst the strongest box.

In Bavaria the snails are picked up by children and hired men, and thrown into a hole. In this hole grain is thrown, and the snails are fattened and sold in the spring. In Switzerland quantities of snails are raised and sold by the monks.

❀

A Queer Procession

This story of caterpillars is interesting just now, for these queer and interesting insects will soon creep over our piazzas and into our rooms, if we live in the country:

"I wonder if you all know about the processional caterpillars at Hyères, which form such an interesting study to naturalists, and about which a girl friend who has been wintering on the Riviera writes to me. It seems they are most curious, and make great webs for nests, in shape like soda-water bottles, which hang from the fir-trees. At night the caterpillars leave the nests and form a long procession, sometimes as many as two hundred together, following so closely that they look like one huge worm. If the leader happens to get detached, the others are hopelessly lost, and wander aimlessly about looking for him. My friend tells me that she once saw such a chain, and, the leader falling over a wall, the others seemed helpless, and, after seeking for him, finally all tumbled over the wall too, but joined on again when they found him, continuing their procession as if nothing had occurred to disunite them."

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The Life of Christ

V.—The Beginning of Christ's Ministry [1]

By Lyman Abbott

The spirit and method of Jesus, as he afterwards said publicly, radically differed from those of his cousin John the Baptizer, but their great end was the same—a spiritual reformation founded on righteousness and inspired by faith in God. When, therefore, Jesus emerged from the obscurity in which he had been living to enter upon his work, his first act was to seek out his cousin John and identify himself with this already perilously discredited teacher. He connected his work, which was so soon to supersede that of his predecessor, with the work that was to be superseded by insisting that John should baptize him, by selecting his first disciples from those of his cousin John, and by allowing, if he did not encourage, them to continue the ceremony of baptism. Caution might well have counseled Jesus to begin his new movement without entangling alliances with what had gone before. Conscience might have re-enforced the argument of caution. Can John's method, it would have asked, save the world? "No," Jesus would have said. "The man who shuts himself out from the world can never reform it. John comes neither eating nor drinking. I shall come eating and drinking." Do you believe that his demand of repentance is sufficient to save the world? "No," Jesus would have said, "repentance is not sufficient; there must be faith—faith in God, unity with God, receiving life from God—or the soul will fail to fulfill its own dream of righteousness." Nevertheless Jesus identified himself with John, for John had raised a great moral issue—on the one side corruption and a spurious religion, on the other an earnest though ineffectual protest against it; and Jesus began his ministry by identifying himself with the protestants and so repeating the challenge of John to the forces already arrayed against righteousness. The baptism of Jesus was like the act of Luther when he flung the papal bull into the flames in the market-place at Wittenberg.

From his baptism, from this open and public confession of his faith in righteousness, this open and public challenge to unrighteousness, he went up into the wilderness to ponder on his future life, and by meditation and prayer, with wrestling, to prepare for it. What shall his life be? How shall he meet its problems? How shall he deal with its questions as they confront him? Forty days he pondered these questions, eating little—probably nothing more than he could gather of the wild honey from the rocks, or the locusts, the wilderness food of his cousin John. One wonders what went on in those forty days of soul-questioning, in which all life lay dimly outlined before him. The questioning over, the devil came to him to tempt him—not, we may be sure, as art has sometimes represented him, with horns and hoofs. A devil with horns and hoofs is no devil. Who would not say to such an one, "Get thee behind me, Satan"? He came to Christ as he comes to us, robed as an angel of light, with cunningly devised suggestions, the evil of which only the clear spiritual insight of a soul wholly consecrated to God's service could detect.

He was hungry. Command these stones that they may be made bread: why not? Because he had come into life that he might be subject to human conditions, and to use his supernatural power for himself was to violate the very condition of his incarnation. But more than that is involved in this temptation and in Christ's reply. For this suggestion was that he should minister to the desires rather than to the deeper needs of men. What men desire is bread—that which ministers to the bodily ease and comfort; in brief, civilization. Speak, said the tempter, and let the streams give forth their gold, and the rocks their coal, and the prairies their bountiful harvest, and let all the mountain streams run leaping down the mountains and turn the busy wheel of industry, give men food for the stomach and occupation for the ear and the eye, and men shall rise up and call thee blessed. "No," Christ replies, "it is not bread alone which man needs; but every manifestation and revelation of God. I will not seek the way to men by their animal nature. I will touch them in the brain, in the heart, in the spirit. I will seek my way, though it be long and dreary, to my kingdom by lifting men above the earth and the earthly." Christianity is not civilization, and does not come through civilization. Christianity first; civilization afterwards. The ministry to the spirit first; the ministry to the body subsequently.

Then comes the second suggestion. Stand in imagination on the loftiest pinnacle of the lofty temple. Behold the priests joyful in the courts below and the city thronged with multitudes gathered on this festal day. Now fling thyself down from this pinnacle; be borne up in angel hands; let not thy foot dash against a stone; so, by appealing to men's wonder and admiration, win thy victory by one great successful exhibition. How often in the history of the Church has this temptation been repeated! What mean these great cathedrals, these magnificent processions, this sumptuous religion, these insignia of ecclesiastical power; what these sermons striving to stir men by pictures of an imagined heaven and an imagined hell, except this—that the Church has yielded to the temptation to make quick passage to a kingdom of God by exciting men to fear and admire God rather than by inspiring them to love him? Not so will Christ win his way to the world's homage. He cares not for bowing heads and bended knees; only for loyal hearts touched with the spirit of his own deep love.

Then comes the third temptation. He is in the prophetic mood peculiar to a great poetic soul. He seems to himself to stand on the tip of a high mountain with all the kingdoms of a world spread out before him: Greece with her temples and her philosophy, Rome with her palaces and her armies, the Orient with her resplendent dreams and legends. All this, says the tempter to him, may be yours, but do not be too quick to challenge the world to mortal combat; you cannot conquer it in a single day. Fight fire with fire. Is Rome corrupt? When you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do. Use worldly policies to vanquish the world. How often has that temptation been repeated to moral reformers, statesmen, preachers, priests, ecclesiastics of every description! So to Napoleon the Great the tempter said, "Serve me, and I will give thee the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof;" and he gave him St. Helena. So to Napoleon III. he said, "Bow down to me, and serve me, and I will give thee the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof;" and he gave him Chiselhurst. The last and the most delusive temptation of the devil is to compromise with moral evil; but when that temptation comes before the pure soul of Jesus, instinctively and with a flash of indignation comes the answer, "Get thee behind me, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. No worldliness shall be in my religion; no compromise with evil in my uncompromising battle against it. It may slay me, but I will rise again."

[1] Bible Study Union Lesson 5. International Lessons 6 and 7. Mark i., 1-11; Matthew iii., 13-17—iv., 1-11.

A Minister Over a Century Old

There died in Trikhala, in Thessaly, recently, a Greek priest aged one hundred and twenty—according to the records. In this long period he had never left the village in which he was born. He ascribed his long life and vigor to the simple way in which he lived. Until a few years ago he slept, summer and winter, in the open air, drank no wine or alcoholic liquors except at communion, and smoked no tobacco. For a short time he used snuff, but gave it up, as it did not agree with him. Meat he seldom ate in the course of the year. His nourishment consisted chiefly of fruits, nuts, vegetables, and bread. He always rose from his simple bed—which was invariably turned toward the east—before the sun was up, and only priestly duties could induce him to break the habit of retiring at nine o'clock. Throughout his life, it is said, he was never sick and never used medicine.

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The Religious World

Bishop Whipple's Address

The thirty-fifth anniversary of the elevation of Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, to the episcopate has just been celebrated. In the course of his address Bishop Whipple touched on many points of living interest. Most of them we pass, however, and come to that division which he entitles "The Times." Bishop Whipple is one of the strongest men in the Episcopal Church, and his outspoken advocacy of many reforms, especially such as look toward the full recognition of human brotherhood, will be well remembered by all who have kept close watch of ecclesiastical affairs in this country. Moreover, he is now a venerable man, and has had exceptional opportunities for studying the problems which he discusses. In the course of this address he speaks as follows: "In a land whose harvests groan with abundance of food many of the people are reduced to pauperism. There are conflicts between capital and labor which clog all business. Each political party lays the mistakes and blunders to a rival party. For the past quarter of a century the apostles of infidelity have, by press and platform, been eating out the heart of men; multitudes have forgotten that no nation has ever survived the loss of its religion. . . . Two new gospels have been preached; one a falsely so-called science, a gospel for the rich, which teaches that all sorrow, weakness, and poverty is the result of an eternal law, the survival of the fittest; that the treasures of life are for the strong, and the weak must go to the wall. The other is the gospel of anarchy, which says property is a crime; that the rich man is an oppressor. . . . The keynote of the other gospel is in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It teaches the prosperous man that the poor man is his brother, nay, more, the brother of Jesus Christ; that the secret of joy, of peace, of gladness, is not in what we hoard but in the love which flows out of our hearts. It does not promise the poor man houses and lands, but it does tell him of a Father in heaven who has not forgotten the least of his children; that the very peace of God is more often in the cottage than in the palace; and that for him there is a home in the mansions of his Father's house." The Bishop then goes on to tell his clergy that he is afraid they preach too much about getting ready for a heaven beyond the grave, and all too little about bringing heaven down to the earth by kindness and by the brotherhood of the children of one Father. He then concludes as follows: "I believe that either through God's love or God's judgment we shall learn that the safety of the Nation is not in trusts for the rich, but in co-operative industry which quickens energy and brings reward to all men. I also believe that government is a trust from God, who alone has the right to govern, and that he has given to every nation the right to say in what form it shall be clothed. God's providence will teach the people that their only salvation is to exercise their suffrage in the fear of God, and not leave it to men whom a plutocracy can buy as sheep in the shambles." These words are well worth attention by others than members of the Episcopal communion. There can be no doubt but that there has been far too much preaching of a future heaven and too little of the duty of all to strive to bring heaven down to earth. But the preaching in American pulpits is rapidly changing, and, if we are not mistaken, all denominations will hear far more during the next few years of the heaven to be on the earth than of the one to be entered beyond the earth.

The Pulpit and the Forward Movement in the United States

We hear such frequent and inconsiderate talk of the neglect of the Church to lead in social reform that we think it worth while to call the attention of our readers to a fact which can hardly have escaped them, that almost all wise movements for the bringing in of a better social order are being directly led by those who occupy responsible positions in the Church of Christ. The first illustration which will occur to every one is that of the indefatigable and dauntless man who seems like one of the old prophets alive again—Dr. Parkhurst, of New York. If New York City is redeemed and a better political order inaugurated it will be due to the faith, patience, wisdom, and bravery of that one pastor. He has done more for New York than all the professional agitators of the last ten years combined. When we cross the river into the State of New Jersey, we find that last year the whole State was in the hands of one of the most vicious and brutal political rings known in the history of this country. New Jersey was owned by race-track gamblers as completely as ever Louisiana was owned and exploited by its famous lottery; but within two years all has been changed, and almost altogether by the tireless fidelity of three ministers of the Gospel—the Rev. Dr. Everard Kempshall, of Elizabeth, the Rev. John L. Scudder, of Jersey City, and the Rev. Dr. A. G. Lawson, of Camden. The work in that State is still being carried on by Mr. Scudder, who has been a leader in this cause quite as long as Dr. Parkhurst, and who is now directing his attention to the purifying of municipal affairs in Jersey City. When we look further away we find that a minister is leading in the same movement in St. Louis, another in Chicago, and another in San Francisco. If we ask who has done most to unveil the horrible slavery in which great numbers of human beings were held under the name of the sweating system, we shall have to point to Dr. Banks, of Boston. These are only suggestions, but they show that the ministers of the various denominations, instead of being asleep, or holding theories of the Church which prevent them from attempting the solution of the hardest problems of our time, are actually in the very forefront of the forward movement. These facts should be recognized by those who are so willing to criticise the Church. It may not be doing all that it should, but it is doing by far the most that is being done. When we think of such men as Drs. Beach in Cambridge, Ecob in Albany, Mills in Cleveland, Gifford in Chicago, Tyrel in St. Louis, and the long line of faithful champions of political and social morality, we see that the forward movement is more than a name, and that its leaders are found just where they ought to be found—in the pulpit of the Christian Church. It is that which gives significance to this movement. Dr. Parkhurst was partially right in his address at the Union Seminary when he said that the work which had been accomplished under his leadership was not due to the men whom Providence was using, but to the pulpit.

Inspiration in England

The question of inerrancy is at the front in other countries than our own, although it does not occupy the same position and is not met in the same way. An important declaration on the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures has recently appeared in England, published and subscribed to by a number of eminent clergymen. We quote from a correspondent of the "Churchman," who says: "This document asserts supernatural revelation. Our Lord's reference to the Old Testament is stated to be a proof of the inspiration of the latter. It is asserted, in opposition to 'Lux Mundi,' that 'since the human mind of our Lord was inseparably united to the eternal Word, and was perfectly illuminated by the Holy Spirit in the discharge of his office as Teacher, he could not be deceived, nor be the source of deception, nor intend to teach even incidentally for fact what was not fact.'" Among the signers of that document are E. C. Lowe, George Body, Professor Bright, Father Fuller, and Canon Carter. The difference between the way they do things there and here is that here we try men for heresy; there those who differ from the common teaching far more frequently content themselves with making such a deliverance as has just been published by these distinguished men. Mr. Spurgeon was greatly troubled by the "down grade" tendency in the Nonconformist Churches, but never, we believe, suggested that any one be tried for heresy.

Persecution in Korea

A correspondent of the "Christian Advocate" writing from Seoul under date of May 10 brings the unwelcome news of the persecution of Christians in the "Hermit Nation." The political condition of the people in that Empire, to begin with, seems to be quite as bad as that in some of our American cities. We are told that office is sold to the highest bidder; that the buyer goes down into the country, not to look after the welfare of the people, but to get back his first outlay as quickly as pos-

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sible. The result is that the population is very sensitive, and that the common people are inclined sometimes to charge things to the cause which is not responsible for them. In one part of the nation, for instance, the movement against Christianity has begun in misunderstandings probably more or less connected with the conditions to which we have referred. Dr. W. J. Hall, of the Methodist Mission, and his wife have been ordered away from the city of Pyeng Yang, while his helpers and the helper of the Presbyterian Mission were put into prison, and all the Christians were to be arrested, punished, and possibly beheaded. Because of the vigorous action of the English Consul-General the prisoners were released, and there was an apparent victory for the missionaries, but the triumph may be only temporary. Mission work in Korea has always been peculiarly difficult, and what the outcome of this new crusade against missions will be it is impossible at the present time to predict.

A Correction and a Question

We have received the following letter, to which we cheerfully give a place, since it is always our desire to do justly by all. Before publishing it, however, we must say that we had before us at the time of writing the paragraph to which reference is made what purported to be an official report published in one of the papers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. However, we are anxious that the truth should be known, and therefore gladly publish the following:

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook's notice of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, recently held in Memphis, Tenn., the following occurs:

"Another action strikes us as rather amusing—again, we confess, probably because of our ignorance. It is the appointing of a commission to examine the Articles of Religion, and see whether they had been tampered with and unauthorized changes made from time to time. It surely is a very singular state of affairs if such changes could have been made without having been understood or even known at the time."

Now, the funny part of the matter is that The Outlook should have been caught napping. The commission in question was not appointed to "examine the Articles of Religion." These have never been changed an iota since they were drawn up by Mr. Wesley, and can be changed only in the formal way laid down in the Book of Discipline. The commission was appointed only to revise certain chapters in the Book of Discipline touching *church trials*. That is all. The Outlook could not have intended to so misrepresent the action of the General Conference, and the Church it represented, as to make it appear ridiculous. Believing this, I send this correction, and ask for it a place in your valuable paper.

E. S. SMITH,
Of the Texas Conference.

Huntsville, Texas.

General Booth's Jubilee

The jubilee of General Booth's service as a Christian has just been celebrated in London, and in connection with it the "Conqueror" publishes some interesting facts concerning the General, the Army, and a proposed American celebration. The General was converted in 1844, when he was fifteen years old. He has never drawn from the Army's funds any money for personal expenses. "The financial system at headquarters is so perfect that if he desired to appropriate fifteen cents of the Army money he could not do so without the collusion of five different officers." In 1852 General Booth took his first charge in London with the "Reformers," a section of the Methodists. In 1861 he left the Methodist New Connection and went out to begin, though he did not then know it, the great work to which his life has since been devoted. In that year the General and Mrs. Booth labored in Cornwall, with the result that in eighteen months there were no fewer than seven thousand conversions. In 1865 they went to East London, and for the next three years conducted what was known as the "Christian Mission," which was really the Salvation Army in embryo. In 1878 the Christian Mission became the Salvation Army. The flag was designed by General Booth, the motto "Blood and Fire" was adopted, and Mrs. Booth invented the "hallelujah bonnet." In 1880 the first expedition of the Army left Great Britain for New York. At the present time the force of the Army consists of about 4,000 corps, under 12,000 officers, who hold 30,000 services every week in forty countries and colonies. The Army publishes thirty-three weekly and monthly papers in twenty-one languages, with a circulation of about 50,000,000 copies per year. The papers are all sold, and there is in them not one paid outside advertisement. At the great jubilee celebration in London a large banner was carried bearing this salutation from the American field: "United States: 150 staff officers, 1,712 field officers, 2,500 local officers, 20,000 soldiers, thousands of loving adherents, lovingly greet the world's spiritual Washington."

The Retreat and the School of the Kingdom

The third annual Retreat of the Kingdom was held under the direction of the Rev. Professor George D. Herron, at Iowa College, during the week beginning with June 20, and numbered forty men, gathered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, Presbyterian, and Episcopal churches. A large part of the time of the Retreat was given to devotional exercises. Spiritual and moral purposes predominated over intellectual. Papers and addresses tended to assume the form of meditations. The one purpose or aim which unified elements apparently diverse was the longing to bring in the kingdom of God upon earth by realizing the social application of the Gospel of Jesus. The devotional study of Holy Scripture was conducted along these lines, and the testimony of personal experience to the effect of the Gospel presented in its social aspect confirmed the convictions. We have heard that Colonel Ingersoll told an Albany audience that the only power able to save modern society from disintegration and ultimate ruin is the application of the Sermon on the Mount to every department of human activities. The significance of this Retreat is that men—and busy men—came from far distant points to pray for the great purpose that gives aim to their energies, upholds and inspires them. New York City was represented by Dr. Josiah Strong, the Rev. Leighton Williams, of Amity Church; Mr. O. H. Hadley, of the Water Street Jerry McAuley Mission; Dr. W. H. Tolman, of Calvary Church and the City Vigilance League. From Chicago came Professor Graham Taylor, of the Chicago Theological Seminary; the Rev. Thos. C. Hall, of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. J. B. Inglis. From Wisconsin came the Rev. J. H. Chander and others; from California the Rev. Burt E. Howard, of Los Angeles; from Montreal, the Rev. J. B. Silcox; from Minnesota the Rev. Drs. L. L. West, H. W. Gleason, and George D. Block; from Pennsylvania, Archdeacon Charles James Wood, and from Indiana, Professor John R. Commons. From all this it may be seen that the Retreat was unsectional as well as undenominational. Only the limited capacity for entertainment prevented the attendance of five times the number present. The result is, in a word, the deepening of earnestness and devoutness, and the creation and strengthening of bonds of fellowship and kindly affection. The School of the Kingdom which followed the Retreat was attended by over two hundred learners, including ministers of various denominations, college presidents and professors, post-graduate and theological students, and others in professional and private life. Under the direction of Professor Herron courses of lectures were given, by Professor J. R. Commons, on "Economics;" by B. Fay Mills, on "The Scriptural Doctrine of the Kingdom of God;" by C. J. Wood, on "The Social Side of Dogmas;" by J. P. Coyle, on "The Holy Ghost the Socializer;" by Thomas C. Hall, on "The Four Laws of the Kingdom of God." Edward H. Nealley, Esq., read a paper on "The Relation of Civil Law to the Ethics of Christ." Dr. Tolman gave a series of lectures, illustrated with stereopticon views, on "Social Reform Work in New York City." Dr. Josiah Strong explained, in a series of addresses, "The Methods of the New Era;" Professor Jesse Macy read a paper upon "History from a Democratic Standpoint," and President Gates a series of papers on "The Church and the Community." The whole character of the instructions was distinctly ethical, and the great social-moral problems of the day were earnestly and devoutly considered in their various aspects. Convictions, both liberal and conservative, had free expression, and were unified by the spirit of fellowship and the great purpose which moved all. The tenor of the instructions was entirely moderate, calm, and dignified.

—The Episcopal mission buildings in Tokio, Japan, have been damaged by earthquake to the extent of $10,000. Later dispatches show that one Japanese teacher was killed and that the Presbyterian missions had also been injured.

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Books and Authors

Recent Verse—I.

Perhaps it is worthy of notice that, aside from the books of verse contributed to the world by the writers of what we are pleased, from our National point of view, to call the East, there is, in the garner of the past twelve months, a volume from the North, that the West is represented by Riley and Piatt, and that the South sends Will H. Hayne. Out of the North comes Mr. Bliss Carman, a young Canadian, who now lives in "the States." The reviewer is not put to his ingenuity to save his conscience in speaking of "Low Tide on Grand Prè."[1] Though we have seen sufficient of the current magazine work of Mr. Carman to know that the first volume bearing his name does not contain any large proportion of his productions, and though a few of the verses in it are far below his best, still it is undeniably the work of a poet. The collection has been made, as he himself remarks in a prefatory sentence, rather on the idea of a more or less vague similarity of theme than with the purpose of being exhaustively representative of him or of any chronological phase of him. Mr. Carman's poems are dignified with a pagan grandeur of repose. He is one who would live and let live. Love and the mysteries of Life and Death, as mystically conceived in the nature about him, are impulses which lead him to sing. He is never garrulous, or merely clever, and he is often, in his symbolical interpretation of nature, entirely unintelligible —save through some subliminal consciousness, as psychical researchers would say. But in that interpretation he shows a large grace, an elemental force, and a subtle, eerie fascination of rhythm and word that reveal unmistakably the poet. The burden of his song is never gay; it is often sad. Even when he is telling the joys of vagabondage it is no light measure by which his verse goes tripping; it is with a half-defiant, half-sad joy that he celebrates the care-free highway of life. Mr. Carman's phrasings are sometimes audacious in their simplicity, their suddenness, and their originality; they easily command the attention until justified in the symmetry of the whole song. As to verse form, he is at his best in the peculiarly long succession of couplet or quatrain verses, which, instead of becoming monotonous, have under his touch a cumulative effect. The meaning of the poet is rarely focused at the first reading —sometimes not after many, but in any case one reads again and again. In the volume before us, "Pulviset Umbra"—an excellently typical piece of work, possessing in the very title a certain happy characterization of Carman's spirit—"The End of the Trail," and "When the Guelder Roses Bloom" are very beautiful indeed. Certain of Mr. Carman's merits combine with certain of his defects —notably that of indirectness—to make it probable that his verses will not achieve what is called a popular success. But the far-away visions of beauty and the nature-fancies of this young dreamer will not be in vain, and will certainly be of that better class of literature in which success is growing and enduring. Those who see this little book will look for the volumes which are soon to succeed it, and will make a friend. It was originally published by Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co., New York, but has now been transferred to Messrs. Stone & Kimball, of Cambridge and Chicago.

It comes to one as strange, in reading Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's latest book of verse, "Poems Here and at Home,"[2] that there are still people of sense and sensibility who do not confess his charm. That fascination is so concrete, so specific, and so definable that this straggling from the ranks must surely be due only to some resentment at the perhaps rather bold proposals on the part of Mr. Riley's most ardent admirers to substitute for the phrase "The Hoosier Poet" a broader one bounded only by the oceans. The essential vitality of these Western verses was prettily proved, the reviewer thinks, when the volume before him was read by a soft-voiced lady to Dr. Edward, who was "raised" on a Southern farm which his busy duties in the metropolis have not allowed him to see in long years. "Well," he said, after his slow fashion and with a slap of his thigh, when "The Doodlebug's Charm" was finished, "If you hadn't read it, I'd never have thought about that again till I died!" This is the secret of Mr. Riley's verse; it brings back to us with rare cunning things that otherwise we never would have thought about again, and the dear old friends—the doodlebugs, the swimmin'-hole, "The Boy Lives on Our Farm," the pigs and the cows, and "The Literary"—are well met, and all the better for the little ghostly surprise of it all. It is not necessary that we should have actually put our mouths to the ground and called out the doodlebugs to fall under Mr. Riley's spell. His art is sufficient to dispense with that; yet the enchantment is more sudden and complete and personal for those of us who have passed through the life of which he writes, and here in America legions have done so. Mr. Riley is not one of those prophets without honor in his own country. He is loved and admired, and, what is strange with authors of books of verse, is read, omnivorously, in his Indiana. That he should always be understood most thoroughly there is inevitable from the essential part that his dialectic tools play in the effects he achieves. So well is he known that it seems almost a work of supererogation to point out the more fetching pieces in the present volume. "At the Literary" is to us inimitable, and the artful refrain of "The Old Man and Jim" is insistently pathetic; "Fessler's Bees" we are inclined to like best of all—but it is dangerous to begin telling what one likes in Mr. Riley's book. The dialect poems, with their quaint humor, which make up the great part of this volume are vastly better than the few verses in which the author, with what appears a palpable effort, sings in more conventional tones of "The Poet of the Future," "A Song of the Cruise," "The Dead Wife," and a few others. The book is illustrated by Mr. Kemble in his well-known style.

Two volumes of John James Piatt's poems come to us in companion bindings—the "Little New-World Idyls" and the "Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley."[1] A re-reading of Mr. Piatt's books tempts one to call renewed attention to this fellow-worker with Mr. Riley, who attains his ends by far different means. Indeed, it gives an instructive contrast to read side by side these two poets of what was, within a few years, the West. And, aside from any comparative interest, Piatt is thoroughly fine; it is above mere cleverness, is worthy an American, and has much of the blessed simplicity given only to the great. Indeed, as one reads anew "The Pioneer's Chimney," "The Mower in Ohio," "The Hunter's House," the thought comes that this is above others an idylist of the New World of America. No line, no phrase, claims the exalted place; yet the poetry is of the people, and it is easy to see that in Washington State, in Texas, and in Maine, the Americans (save the Philistines) may understand this man and be moved by him. There is a calm modesty in the words which disclose to us the poetry which we had not seen in our brawny scytheman, our pioneer hunter, and the sweet symbolistic labors and pleasures of the good folks in the New World farm-house. There is something of the spirit of Fenimore Cooper in Piatt, and it is good to read his verses. Perhaps his arts are not those which will procure him on foreign shores—these are English editions—his merited share of attention. He does not fill certain incidental requirements which many British reviewers are apt to exaggerate in their search for "typical" Americans.

It is rare that the title of a book, especially of a book of verse, is so truly descriptive as the "Sylvan Lyrics" of Will H. Hayne. The lyric and the sylvan notes are easily dominant in his songs, as is not to be wondered at in the son of Paul Hayne. The younger poet has by inheritance, too, the tenderness and gentleness of spirit which softens every line in this not inconsiderable volume, and which is curiously alien to the inevitable atmosphere of prodded passion and simulated innocence of some of our *fin de siècle* versifiers. The trees and their green leaves, the birds and their songs, the flowers and grasses with their treasure of

[1] Stone & Kimball, Cambridge and Chicago.
[2] The Century Company, New York.

[1] Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

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dew, the deep-blue sky set with stars, the last film of the sea over a surf-swept beach—these are the things that Mr. Hayne finds beautiful and worthy of note. They so fill his heart that, with the frank, simple pleasure of a child, he tells us how they personify themselves in his imagination, and how, in his eyes, they bear on and explain the sterner abstractions of life. His style is unstudied, and is curiously free from complexity and arrogance. Not infrequently his phrases fit with a light, fanciful grace that is most pleasing. In the autumn swamp scene, which seems to us the best of the picture-poems here, it was well to say that the water-moccasins glided away "with demoniac grace;" "tremulous swallows" seeking their tall cliffs is sufficient, and calls to mind the thing we have seen. It is good, too, to be reminded of fleet troops of minnows gliding over "silvery shallows of sand," nor could one well think of a better summing-up of a grasshopper than as a "winged acrobat of the grass." Of the individual poems one is apt to single out as favorites such delicate melodies as the song called "Inconstant," the two verses "To a Cherokee Rose," and, above all, certain lines of "Far Out at Sea." There are in this volume several affectionate tributes to the author's father, and in reading them one feels still more strongly how completely the personality and art of the departed poet dominated and molded the younger man.

The first volume of M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu's important work, *The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians*, translated from the third French edition, with annotations, by Zenaïde A. Ragozin, deals with the country and its inhabitants, and contributes the answer to the perplexing question, "Is Russia European?" Says the author in the preface, written especially for the American edition, "Russia is neither Europe nor Asia: she is a world by itself, situated between Europe and Asia, and in a way belonging to both." "To imagine, on the faith of the almanacs, that Russia, as she is, and the Emperor Alexander III. belong to the end of the nineteenth century is, in spite of all chronological tables, a gross anachronism." M. Leroy-Beaulieu enters into a description of the surface of the land, its climate, and its products. It is a matter to remark that this region, whence emigrated the Aryan family, should have become the territory of so heterogeneous a people as the Russian nation. Three principal types are distinguishable in this conglomeration—the Finn, the Tartar, and the Slav. Of these the latter is absorbing the two former, but the process of assimilation is still far from complete. Besides this unamalgamated condition of the Russian people of the interior, the government has to deal with the race problem on the frontier, and this difficulty is vastly increased by evils of the bureaucratic method of the Russian administration of the provinces. The character of the Russian is here defined as "a singular mixture of strength and weakness, of tenacity and elasticity, and it has given him a curious mixture of roughness and good nature, of insensibility and kindness." "Contrary to a vulgar prejudice, the Russian, under his rugged shell, is generally affectionate, gentle, even tender; but let him encounter an obstacle, let him engage in a struggle with an adversary, the latent ruggedness and harshness at once take the upper hand." "Should an historical type be asked for—a living type of the Russian nature, which the weight of events has so long hindered from blossoming into great men—there is the Tsar Peter the Great. All through his semi-barbarism, in his very excesses and contradictions, with his foibles and infatuations, with his innovating recklessness and his practical good sense, his scorn of obstacles and his positive instinct, his wide-open mind and his marvelously cunning hand, his universal aptitude for all crafts and callings, Piotr Alexèyevitch remains the national type *par excellence*." Nothing illustrates more strikingly the peculiarities of Russian character than the course of Nihilism in that country. This course has been more tortuous and changeful than many of us in this Western part of the world are aware. This volume furnishes a long and careful account of the various philosophical and political movements that have been included under the name of Nihilism. What we mean by "Nihilist" the Russian who would answer to the description would call a Social Democrat. Another valuable part of this book is the careful and detailed account which is given of the social ranks of the people, from the nobility to the *moujik*, or peasant. The village community, the *mir*, and family system, are curiously like, while unlike, similar conditions which obtain still in India and Egypt, as well as formerly in Mexico and Peru, and probably in the Teutonic lake-villages of the North. Because of this ancient and fixed institution, the condition of the *moujik* was not much altered by his emancipation from serfdom. We trust to have given the reader some notion of the interest and scope of this work. At the appearance of further volumes we may be able to pronounce more particularly upon the trustworthiness of the whole account. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Practical Lessons in Psychology. By William O. Krohn. The Working Teachers' Library. (The Werner Company, Chicago.) For no other professional body are so many books of instruction written as for school-teachers. Either the teacher knows his business less perfectly than workers in other trades, or else, being more conscientious and standing more conspicuously as a target for criticism, he feels, more keenly than they, compelled to buy whatever is published with the avowed purpose of helping and improving him. Notwithstanding the vast number of such books already published, new ones constantly appear, and just now we have "The Working Teachers' Library." The volume before us is a good one. The author would regenerate the teacher through modern psychology. The book consists largely of material already presented as lectures before teachers' meetings and institutes, and the style is the familiar, direct, and conversational form suited to such addresses. After pointing out the value of psychology to the teacher, Professor Krohn devotes several chapters to a plain and simple description of the nervous system, the brain and its functions, and sensation. In a series of important chapters he then traces mental development and discusses the operations of the mind, in every case indicating wherein the topics discussed bear upon education and upon child-development. He makes a strong appeal, in closing, for child-study. It is doubtful whether there has ever been a time when really good teachers have *not* studied children, just as here suggested; but it is certainly desirable that such study should be carefully, systematically, and thoroughly carried on hereafter. Yet in such work we ought to remember what Principal Russell has said, and what Professor Krohn quotes: "Practice of child-study is directly for the sake of the teacher, indirectly for the sake of the child, and incidentally for the sake of science." Unfortunately, in much of the work so far done this has been lost from sight; the principle has been reversed. If the book reaches a second edition, it will be improved by the omission of many of the funny stories introduced to enliven the discussion. We do not refer to the illustrations drawn from child-life; those are necessary. That the book may go through several editions we hope, for it is thoroughly earnest, and will be helpful to active, wide-awake, thoughtful teachers.

Twenty years ago Judge C. P. Daly delivered, at the fiftieth anniversary of the Hebrew Benevolent Society of New York, an address that opened a new region of historical inquiry—the earliest history of the Jews in America. This address was afterwards enlarged by its author into an account of the settlement of Jews in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Georgia, South Carolina, and Rhode Island. The learned Judge had exceptional advantages for consulting the documentary materials for this sort of history, and his is strictly original historical research. His all too brief speech, and a newspaper article, which were printed at the time, have been long out of print. Now they have been taken up by Mr. M. J. Kohler, of this city, revised by Judge Daly, and edited with notes by Mr. Kohler, with the addition of a new appendix by Judge Daly. So the new volume thus constituted is a valuable addition to historical collections on America. While *The Settlement of the Jews in North America* is an important contribution to American history, it is, from the very nature of the case, largely tentative. (Philip Cowen, New York.)

At the present we shall not do more than call attention to the publication of *The Epistles of Paul the Apostle: A Sketch of their Origin and Contents*. This work, simple as its form is, evinces the result of long and careful study and mature thought. Any criticism of Mr. Findlay's conclusions deserves to be put forth carefully and with data and other material; that is to say, while we cannot enter into some of the author's ideas, we recognize that his work deserves a respectful treatment from adverse critics. The plan of the work is to weave into one connected account the letters of St. Paul, and to give an analysis of the contents and argument of the Pauline writings. The style of the writing is not encumbered with technical language or particulars. (Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York.)

The second series of *Village Sermons, Preached at Whately*, by the late Dean R. W. Church, of St. Paul's, is marked by the same characteristics as the first series. The sermons are clear, simple, free from technical theology, and reveal a breadth of sympathy and an understanding of human nature that are admirable. There are thirty-seven sermons, and they follow the main lines of the church year, without too much minuteness and

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mechanical adaptation of theme. Other subjects are treated, and, taking them all in all, we shall not feel that we overstate if we say that these sermons are a model of what village sermons ought to be. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son's series of "Bible Class Expositions" is led off by Dr. Alexander Maclaren on *Matthew's Gospel*, in two small volumes. The work is divided according to lessons. The character of the exposition is not historical, not archæological, not scientific nor critical, but spiritual and ethical. Our own experience would call for all these elements, while emphasizing the spiritual and ethical. In fact, the teacher of the class can usually be depended upon to supply that of himself. There are, however, seasons of dullness and dryness in the experience of the most devout and devoted of teachers, when the helps of Dr. Maclaren will be a prized boon.

The Cambridge Companion to the Bible has been issued in separate form. It is deserving of a cordial recommendation to the attention of students of the Bible. To give any idea of the contents of this volume we should be forced to reproduce the table of contents, for the reason that the matter of the work is so thoroughly condensed; suffice it to say that the book is a complete introduction and companion to the study of the Bible. We do not hesitate to recommend this work to pastors, teachers, and students. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

The Rev. Professor Dr. Moorhead, of the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary, has prepared for the young an aid to Bible Study called *Outline Studies in the Books of the Old Testament*. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.) These are not critical nor expository in their nature, but are intended to set forth the Old Testament lessons in a morally inspiring way. It will be understood that Dr. Moorhead is uncompromisingly conservative in his position.

Literary Notes

—Before leaving this country to spend his sabbatical year abroad, it is expected that Professor Barrett Wendell will have completed his book, "William Shakspere: A Study in English Literature."

—More than ten years since Mr. Horace E. Scudder delivered a Lowell course of lectures on "Childhood in Literature and Art." Later these lectures were published, with certain changes, as articles in "The Atlantic Monthly." They are to be revised once more and appear in book form.

—As illustrating the new order of things, it is interesting to note that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are about publishing a new collection of Coleridge's Letters, edited by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, of London. The work will appear simultaneously in this country and in England, the printed sheets being sent from Boston to the English correspondents for binding and sale.

—Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan, the author of "A Social Departure," is the daughter of Charles Duncan, of Brantford, Ontario. After teaching a while she entered upon journalistic work, and in her journey around the world was correspondent for several English and Canadian papers. She is now the wife of Professor Everard Cotes, who holds an important position in the Indian Museum, Calcutta.

—Mr. John Fiske—who, by the way, was made an LL.D. at Harvard's last Commencement—is to deliver a course of lectures this summer in Oxford on American history. This means that we may expect a new volume from Mr. Fiske, since the basis of his books on history has generally been in such a course as the above. It is said that he finds that this method clears the ground better than any other in the preparation of a new volume.

—The late Madame Renan was of Dutch descent, being a daughter of Hendrik Scheffer, a brother of the famous painter Ary Scheffer. Rosalie Renan had been her brother's greatest support and strength always, and her death in Syria was the occasion of that immortal tribute, the preface to the "Vie de Jésus," a memorial which has been called the noblest page of French ever written. Coralie Scheffer became Rosalie's most intimate friend, and after the marriage all three lived together.

—That famous London correspondent of the Paris "Figaro," the late M. Johnson, for all his English name, was the Frenchiest of all Frenchmen. Even a twenty years' residence in England did not familiarize him with the language, and the people never became other than unsympathetic to him. Picturesque as he was in phrase and keen in comment, the sedateness and seriousness of London life, lying beyond and above theaters, court trials, social gossip, and certain phases of popular art, did not seem to appeal to him. Yet his letters were always entertaining. Those of the "Figaro's" new London correspondent, M. Villars, may be equally so, while having more "ballast." For this latter function M. Villars's training on the "Journal des Débats" well fits him.

—One of the two new Academicians, M. Albert Sorel, is descended from a sister of Charlotte Corday, and therefore also from Corneille. The first cause of M. Sorel's successful candidacy was his clever book on Madame de Staël, which so gratified her grandson, the Duc de Broglie, and her great-grandson, the Comte d'Haussonville, that they determined to show to M. Sorel their appreciation in a magnificent way. They therefore won to his support the "party of the Dukes" in the Academy. As M. Sorel is Chief Secretary of the Senate, he is continually with the President, M. Challemel-Lacour, Renan's successor in the Academy, and an influential member; hence more votes.

—The centennial celebration of the birth of William Cullen Bryant will, of course, be celebrated on November 3 next, but as not all of those whose presence is desired can be present at that date, the ceremonies at Cummington, Mass., will take place on August 16, as a more convenient day. It is well known that the Bryant homestead is on a hill between Cummington and West Cummington. The exercises will be held in a shady grove not far from the house, and will be presided over by Bryant's son-in-law, Mr. Parke Godwin, whose own residence adjoins the wood. Mr. Edward Brown, of Elmwood, Ill., is to be the orator; Dr. Robert Collyer will offer prayer; Mr. John H. Bryant, of Princeton, Ill., himself a poet, will be present and participate. Other invited speakers include Dr. Holmes, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Professor Norton, Charles Dudley Warner, ex-Senator Dawes, President Stanley Hall, the Rev. John W. Chadwick, Joseph H. Choate, George W. Cable, and Governor Greenhalge.

—The American committee inviting contributions for the erection on the Isle of Wight of a lofty granite monolith, in the form of an Iona cross to the memory of Alfred Tennyson, are: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Elizabeth C. Agassiz, Mabel Lowell Burnett, Annie Fields, Alice M. Longfellow, Charles Eliot Norton, Robert C. Winthrop, Francis J. Child, C. T. Copeland, Celia Thaxter, William J. Rolfe, Mary E. Dewy, M. DeWolfe Howe. Jr., Harriet Prescott Spofford, Julia Ward Howe, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Martin Brimmer, Elizabeth N. Fairchild, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Lowell Putnam, Sarah W. Whitman, Margaret Deland, Dana Estes, Louise I. Guiney, Henry O. Houghton, George H. Mifflin, Elizabeth Porter Gould, and James Murray Kay. It has been decided to erect the monolith on the highest point of the western end of the island, on the very "edge of the noble down" where the poet almost daily walked. The present wooden pile known as the Nodes Beacon is to be removed, by permission of the masters of Trinity House, and in its place the Iona Cross will rise, the Tennyson Beacon, a land and sea mark visible for many miles. Subscriptions may be sent to Miss Fay Davis, Secretary, care of Mrs. James T. Fields, Manchester, Mass.

—Professor A. C. Merriam, of Columbia College, has summarized as follows the interesting article on Greek music which has just appeared in "Atlantis," the new Greek paper published in New York City:

According to Henri Weil, the noted Greek scholar, the hymn to Apollo found at Delphi and recently sung at the French School at Athens is preserved complete, and is composed with artistic skill and smoothness. Theodor Reinach, the archæologist and epigraphist, who has translated it into the musical notation of to-day, characterizes it as composed in the lively Phrygian mode with the Dorian notation. An inscription of thirty-seven lines, describing the festival celebration at Delphi, accompanies the hymn. It contains historical allusions, from which its approximate date has been determined, somewhat later than 218 B.C. Besides this complete hymn, the fragments of another were found, likewise set to music, but some two centuries later, containing prayers for the guild of Mænads and for the Roman power. Among the remains of ancient music may be mentioned two other fragments, one from an inscription, the other from a papyrus. The inscription was found at Tralles, in Asia Minor, and published by Professor Ramsey in 1883, but the significance of the letters written above the syllables of the words was not recognized till 1890, when Professor Wessely, of Vienna, proved them to be musical signs, and translated them into our notation. The text amounts to four short sentences only. Its date is placed about the beginning of our era. The papyrus is from the collection of an Austrian Archduke, and is even more fragmentary; but it is interesting as giving the music of a portion of the chorus of Euripides's "Orestes" (330-335), which Professor Wessely believes goes back to the time of Euripides himself, although the papyrus was not written till about the time of Augustus.

Books Received

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Maxwell, W. H. First Book in English. 40 cts.
Maxwell, W. H. Introductory Lessons in English Grammar. 40 cts.

A. LOVELL & CO., NEW YORK

Burke, Sarah J. Fairy Tales for Little Readers. 30 cts.

ROBERTS BROS., BOSTON

Dostoievsky, J. Poor Folk. Translated by Lena Milman. $1.
Bates, Arlo. The Torch-Bearers. 50 cts.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

Comfort, Elizabeth M. Grizzly's Little Pard.

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The Spectator

"Read that," said the owner of a large manufactory to the Spectator. As he spoke he spread out a receipted bill upon his desk. "This," he went on, "was sent me by a young machinist whom I engaged to overhaul a complicated piece of machinery which would not work for some reason that none of us could discover. In half an hour he had found the trouble, added one small bit of iron, and this is his charge." The Spectator took the statement. It ran thus:

For apparatus added	$ 0 50
For knowing how to do it	100 00
Total	$100 50

"That," said the manufacturer, "I regard as a somewhat peculiar but a perfectly just bill. I paid it without a murmur. He that hath eyes, let him see—and charge for it."

❀

This little instance of eyes and no eyes led the mind of the Spectator back to a definite date in his own boyhood when the revelation came to him that "knowing how to do it" was everything—the apparatus used, but a small part; and, as it happened, the machinery he first learned to despise was his own eyes. He had been for a number of years using them to see with, as he thought, when chance threw him into the midst of a fishing party, and with one of the most interesting men he has ever met before or since. Yet this was not a man of cultivation in the accepted sense of the word. He was neither a reader nor a thinker, nor even artistic—simply a plain, practical business man off on a fishing holiday, with an inborn love of nature, a sense of humor, and wide-open eyes that missed seeing nothing large enough to see—nor, indeed, what was too small—for in that case he used a microscope. At the time of this meeting the Spectator had not many pounds on his boyish bones, and for those he could fully account in strength. It was not, therefore, avoirdupois which rendered him sluggish in moving, but if there was anything he hated above another, it was being called upon to rise after he was once comfortably ensconced. This was not all laziness, but partly the result of a lately passed illness, and partly a tendency to day-dreams. On the other hand, the wide-eyed fisherman weighed not less than three hundred pounds. In spite of this great girth, nothing was of too slender interest to make the huge frame heave to its feet, were it only to look at and laugh over the scrambling of a little "fiddler" crawling in the river sand. He would tramp a mile up the mountain-side to see a blasted tree. He would stoop cumberously, and stoop again, searching for fossils on the river banks. Though perfectly unscientific in his methods, holding quaint theories and superstitions of his own, over which he was the first to laugh, he had a familiarity with the minutia of nature, accurate as it was varied, and a curiosity as untiring as is the child's who crawls to pick up each new speck on the floor. It was some time before the Spectator's boyish mind grasped the fact that this activity of observation was the secret of his new friend's vividness and charm. When he did guess the secret, it opened for himself a new life.

❀

Even now the Spectator can sit and send his memory back into the past, to the very moment when the power of seeing nature revealed itself dimly to him. He has only to close his eyes to be again a lank, overgrown boy sitting on an old log by the riverside. On the other end of the log sits the jovial, fat fisherman. The river is rushing past, yet contrives to sing drowsy songs as it flows. The sun is warm, and the living trees hanging over the fallen trunk cast a grateful shadow. Out on the sunny bank the little negroes are splashing in the water, looking for shells, as the fat fisherman has taught them. Suddenly one of them screams out a discovery, dancing up and down in his excitement. "What is it?" calls the boy Spectator, lazily. He hears it is "Snails—hundreds of them," and is content to sit still, when a huge grunt by his side rouses him. The fisherman is moving. The boy Spectator, who had been trained in reading human faces, if not nature's own lineaments, looks up to recognize on his companion's features a distinct reluctance to rise—a reluctance against which there is a visible effort. The spirit conquers the mountain of flesh, and the fisherman is on his feet. The sight of that struggle shames the boy Spectator to his feet also. The snails are inspected—a very ordinary assortment when seen. "It was not worth rising for, was it?" says the boy Spectator. "No," answered the bulky fisherman, simply, "but then it might have been, and I wouldn't like to miss anything."

❀

The scales that dropped from the Spectator's eyes at that moment have never been allowed to form again. He then learned a lesson that has many a night since sent him to bed with aching feet and back, but it has opened for him stores of enjoyment hitherto unknown. One does not always find something in searching, but then one always may, and when found the payment for the failures is ample. Nature's minutia is not for the eyes of the idle. To find the pearls hidden in her oyster the opening sword of activity is needed. It was the Spectator's privilege to know, at one time in his life, a scientist whom the world delights to honor, yet the world which has not walked with him through country lanes does not know him. The Spectator has often strolled by his side in body, mentally running as hard as mental legs can lay foot to ground to keep in some measure pace with the strides of this master mind clad in seven-league boots of abstruse knowledge. In the midst of some tremendous statement that has left the Spectator absorbed in the bare hearing, the calm speaker would pause to point with his cane to a four-leaf clover he had seen by the roadside, or the dead bough's outline twisting against the sky, or the wind-shaped twist of an exposed tree. His eyes were as open as an Indian's. The gigantic mind behind never for an instant curtained them to nature's beautiful details.

❀

Not long ago the Spectator had a pleasant surprise. While taking a summer walk in a a natural park outside a Southern city, a park policeman joined him, falling into talk which opened with the official confidence that it was "fearful lonely in the park in winter"—evidently a duty to be endured only. "There's nothin' excitin' in winter but a suicide or so, or maybe a fight," the officer ended. "How is it in summer?" asked the Spectator. The man's face lit up. "You can see for yourself how it is," he said, waving his peaceful baton about him. "All back there, where I stay mostly, is right *mountaneous*, and there are some real *excluded* places I could show you. Good trees there. They take me back to my old home, where there's trees that three men like me couldn't span, and you couldn't shoot a squirrel up in their limbs with a shot-gun—'twould take a rifle. I love trees. Over yonder, now, at the other end of the park"—waving his baton again—"the trees in the grove are almost limbless, and the trunks run up with just a little mass of leaves at the top." The uncultured nature-lover had painted the picture for the Spectator like a literary artist.

❀

After another park walk, with a personal friend this time, a man not unlike Donatello in his near understanding of nature and her lower forms of life, the Spectator came back to his home, remarking there, casually, "I saw a squirrel fall out of a tree to-day." That was all he had seen. Later on, the friend of the walk came in, and this tale was poured forth. "We saw the oddest thing out walking to-day," said Donatello. "As we strolled along a wooded path, two squirrels passed us, one chasing the other. The first squirrel ran up a tree, and from there jumped a long jump into the next. The second got as far as the jump—there he hesitated a moment. Then, as if he had said, 'Oh, I might as well,' he sprang into the air, and the branch broke under him. I think I stood aghast for five minutes watching the fall of that squirrel, with the fall of the broken branch which followed him. The branch dropped just a little slower. He came sailing down, poor thing! looking scared to death, all four legs out and his head up. He fell at last like a flour-bag on the ground—bang! I never felt so sorry for anybody in my life. I ran right up to offer what assistance I could, and I pledge you my word that he was sitting on his hind legs nibbling at something in his forepaws! As I came near he went up the side of a tree. My assistance was something entirely unnecessary. I stood as surprised as if I had seen a woman fall from a third-story window, then do up her back hair and go on into the house." Thus there are eyes and no eyes.

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Correspondence

The Public and the Railroads

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your editorial on the Pullman strike you say:

"Meanwhile it is the duty of the public to demand a change of the law, so that neither employees nor employers on the Nation's highway may withhold employment or labor simply as their own interests dictate, without regard to the interests of the other and the interests of the Nation at large."

This suggests a number of queries. If the railways constitute a portion of the Nation's highways, why does not the Nation own and control them? If they were so owned and controlled, as is the Post-Office, is it not certain that a strike or tie-up would be unknown; because employees would then be assured *unbroken employment at fixed salaries which* would never be cut down?

But, in truth, though public highways belong of right to the whole people, the railway portion of them are owned and controlled by soulless corporations, impelled by no higher motive than the garnering of the largest possible profit to the management. How much they care for the people was pertinently shown in the coarse expletive of the late W. H. Vanderbilt, "The public be ——!"

To suggest a law that shall compel employees and employers not to withhold that which may not be to the interest of the other is surely a waste of words. Who shall decide where the interests of one shall take precedence of those of the other? The interest of the railway magnates is to get the utmost service for the least pay.

But the last clause is still more untenable, because it offers a death-blow to personal liberty in toto. If a law can hold a man in compulsion to labor in spite of his own wishes, then he would be as absolutely a slave as was any bond chattel in the South. No amount of inconvenience can give the right to fetter a man to a task of labor against his will. His simple will is paramount. No man nor set of men can have the right to force a free man to labor for another against his will. Not the Czar of Russia can set in force any greater despotism.

You say it is the duty of the "public" to demand, etc. But what is the public? Just the capital class, in full sympathy with the railway corporations? If you include the entire Nation, be sure no such despotic law would be dreamed of. A large preponderance of the real public are workers. Their labor is their capital. Would they not be stark idiots to ask for a law to fetter it beyond their control?

The true remedy is for the Nation to own and control the railways, whereby they can be run in the interests of all the people. W. WHITWORTH.

Cleveland, O.

The Stanford University Endowment

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The statement in The Outlook of the 16th inst., that the suit now pending against the Stanford estate would, if successful, deprive the University of its endowment, is incorrect. By the original act of foundation, in 1885, Senator and Mrs. Stanford set apart a large tract of land—about eighty-eight thousand acres, I believe—as a permanent endowment. This property belongs to the institution in fee simple, and cannot be affected by any fortune or misfortune of the Stanford estate.

The suit against the Stanford estate may affect the University in two ways. By his will, Senator Stanford devised to the institution two and a half millions of dollars, in addition to the original endowment. This legacy has not yet been paid; and an unfavorable issue to the pending suit might deprive the institution of this grant. Such a result might also seriously affect the future prospects of the University, since it is every way probable that Mrs. Stanford would ultimately leave a large portion of the estate to the institution of which she is one of the founders.

Even if the suit comes to naught, it will probably at least delay the settlement of the Stanford estate and the payment of legacies; and that would be a serious drawback to the University at a time when it is found difficult to realize ready money upon its peculiar securities. Whatever the outcome of the suit, therefore, it will probably cause temporary hardship to the University. But it cannot, in any event, destroy its foundation. A. B. S.

Women in German Universities

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will you kindly allow me a few words in answer to the letter from Göttingen, published in your issue for May 12, concerning my article on "Women at German Universities"? Owing to the fact that I have been too busy lately even always to glance through the periodicals, this letter did not come to my notice until a few days ago.

Your Göttingen correspondent seems to doubt the sufficiency of my grounds for the position I took in that article, and cites her own residence of one year five months in Germany as if with the idea that my conclusions were probably the result of a much shorter as well as a purely individual experience. As a matter of fact, I passed some five years in study in German countries, and lived during that time in three university towns. Moreover, I saw something of the inside life of the people during this period; and my reasons for criticising the German treatment of women, especially as regards higher education, were derived as much from the experiences of German as from those of American women. Nevertheless, I can cite, from my own limited acquaintance among American women studying in Germany and German Switzerland, a large proportion who were rendered very unhappy during their stay in these countries by the atmosphere of the life about them. A friend of mine who set out for Europe in love with German literature, and expecting to like everything German, is now so bitter against Germany that I have frequently taken sides against her in the discussions that we have had on the subject. Besides this woman, I can name two or three others who came very near returning, and one who did return, to the United States without completing the course of study begun, because the strain of life in German countries was too great for them. Nor were these persons women of weak will and character: on the contrary. One American woman said to me that, lonely as she was, she hesitated to let a younger woman relative, who had offered to come to her, enter the atmosphere of the life she had to endure. Another American, who studied both in Germany and Switzerland, and took a foreign degree, remarked to me shortly before her return to this country that she thought the Germans judged a woman much as they judge a cow—fine Alderneys, of course, preferred; and lest this remark again arouse the indignation of your Göttingen correspondent, I hasten to add that a German man once said to me, "No, Fräulein, you are mistaken; we do love our women; we love them very much indeed—in our way; but *then it is true that we treat them—well, very much* as we treat puppies." It may be a fact that, as the girl in James's "Bundle of Letters" says, European men are often more "attentive" than Americans; but the flavor of the German's attentions used often to remind me of the remark just quoted.

It is difficult to understand why my article should have been received with indignation, since, beyond the relation of certain events to the truth of which I can call abundant witness, it contained only the statement of a general rule, the correctness of which your correspondent in substance admits. My propositions were throughout general, not universal ones, and I said explicitly: "There are a few professors at certain universities who are in favor of the higher education of women; and if one has to do with these alone, one is likely to get on comparatively well." I said *comparatively* well; for even the kindness of a man like Professor Schweizer-Sidler, the veteran champion of woman's higher education at Zürich—than whom no one could be more liberal—cannot atone for the unpleasantnesses one meets with outside the circle of his influence.

As a friend of my sex, I am glad if the conditions of women's study at Göttingen are so good. The fact is a hopeful sign. I have no personal spite against the Germans: on the contrary, some of my best friends are Germans, though they are great exceptions to the general rule of German narrowness in practical matters. The people themselves have all the elements necessary to progress—brain, a high standard of education, thrift, the power of persistent, untiring labor, and, moreover, adaptivity under liberal influences, though unfortunately the conditions of German life do not, as yet, greatly favor liberal influences.

Still, when your correspondent calls on us to judge the people relatively to its history and temperament, I must reply that, of course, everything has its causes, but that a statement of causes does not in the least obviate the facts. My article dealt simply with what I believe to be the facts and their unpleasantness to the average American woman. As for excusing the manners of a people by its temperament, I think I should not be inclined to excuse the temperament if I thought it responsible for great narrowness. Undoubtedly heredity has a great deal to do with characteristics, national as well as individual, but I do not therefore feel called upon to approve all characteristics. At least characteristics are not altered or rendered more agreeable by the fact that they are in some degree innate. As Sir John Lubbock says in a similar case where demand is made for the application of a relative standard, "If the code of the people permits the general facts I deplore, then the code is at least a very unfortunate one for the victims."

I have usually found liberal Germans as ready as foreigners to admit the general illiberality of their countrymen on the question of woman's education, as on some others. And, partly for this reason, I do not think the evil as deep-seated as temperament. I hope for a better future for German women, as also for the women of other nations compelled to sojourn within German borders. X.

The Poet Keats

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your Literary Notes of the issue of June 23 there appears a most pleasing bit of information concerning a bust of Keats which is soon to be placed in the parish church at Hampstead, England, as a tribute to his genius from the American admirers of the poet. In quoting from a letter of Mr. Edmund Gosse, which appeared in the London "Times," you make him say, "In a few months a hundred years will have passed since the birth of one of the most illustrious and original of the long line of English poets." If the quotation is correct, and no doubt it is, Mr. Gosse has inadvertently made an error.

There is no question that Keats was born in 1795, not 1794. Whether he was born on the 29th or 31st of October, 1795, is perhaps questionable. Mr. Swinburne, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," gives the date as October 29, but Professor Colvin, in his life of Keats in the "English Men of Letters" series, says, "The poet John Keats was born prematurely on either the 29th or 31st of October, 1795."

So there yet remains considerably over a year before the centenary of his birth in which to start some scheme for fitly celebrating the event. I wish most earnestly that we in America might show our appreciation of the event in some genuine, durable way. Is it too presuming to suggest to The Outlook that, when the bust of Keats is presented to the church at Hampstead in the near future, it give us an issue in which articles on the life and poetry of Keats be the prominent feature?

Keats, whose poetic instincts were, I believe, the most Shakespearean of any English poet since the days of Shakespeare, has been but little understood or appreciated, either as regards his character, which was essentially open and manly, or his poetry, which has had so permanent an influence upon modern English poetry.

By some such means as this, enough attention might be directed to the poet to induce those who reverence the power and purity of English poetry to set up some worthy memorial of Keats in this country. E. S. W.

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The Authors and the Reading Public

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It seems to me a paper like The Outlook could do no greater service for the present day than to bring authors and their readers into a closer union. It already does this somewhat through its published interviews with authors and various interesting references to them; but some new scheme is needed for making the readers known to the authors as well.

It must be that the literary critics are too large a factor in shaping the careers of writers. What is needed is that they should feel also the influence of the earnest people whose souls they have edified.

When I read the books of Mr. Howells, Miss Wilkins, Miss Wiggins, and Mr. Boyesen, I am stirred deeply—as deeply as any Methodist used to be in camp-meeting, I feel. "God bless this writer for what he has said." Moreover, I long to express my gratitude. I want to write and tell of my admiration and my love to those who have made me in debt to them. But as many hesitate to shake hands and speak appreciatively to their pastors after service, so I hesitate, feeling that perhaps there will be, among so many, enough others to do this thing, and perhaps it would be thrusting myself into unnecessary prominence. The main reason why these feelings die away unexpressed is because I do not have the post-office addresses of most writers. Is not this the chief reason we owe our authors so much and do not even say thank you?

If I thought passages in the book of an admired author were written to do a "fine thing," I should be grievously disappointed. I feel that their hearts have been stirred to weeping about what they seek to move me, and that they are trying to do what they seek to inspire me to do. If I thought that this were not true, I should care no more for them. And yet, if we allow the most potent influence about them to be that of the book-reviewer's, we must leave them destitute of inspiration to the greatest, deepest sincerity of purpose.

But the chief reason for bringing authors and their readers into a closer sympathy is for the sake of the effect it would be sure to have on the latter. Such fraternities as would be created would have an inexplicable power to *save* the readers who now read the best things only for recreation and to enable them to pose as literary critics in their conversational circles. The writers of the day will be the shepherds of the people, as they should be, leading them towards the ideal country where there is this personal contact. Nothing, to my thinking, now would further the kingdom of God in the world faster than to bring the literary prophets of to-day into more vital relations with those upon whom they

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have influence. Let writers and readers know that there are those who are trying to do the things that are spoken, and let us feel the greater eloquence of each other's lives. G. H. W.

"Our Nation's Shame"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your paper of June 23 is an able article by Dr. Amory H. Bradford on the race problem in America. I desire to express my satisfaction with the spirit of it, and also my sympathy with its object. The United States must put an end to that form of lawlessness known as lynching.

Living in a section of the country that has suffered most from this reproach, I am prepared to say that it is the sincere wish of all the best people of both races that it should stop. Pulpit and press and all the public educators are speaking out against it. Those in authority are prompt to act where they are not powerless. Sentiment is being aroused and assuming such dimensions that the end of this "reign of terror" is at hand.

But I must dissent from Dr. Bradford's statement that the lynching of negroes is "solely on account of their race." All who are lynched are not negroes. The only lynching that ever occurred in this community was of a white man. The reason more of the negro race suffer in this way is not that there is such antagonism between the races, but that the negroes, being less developed, commit more crime. The white people of the South do not hate the negro. Dr. Bradford's article, furthermore, implies that most of the persons lynched are women and children; that "some few of the more brutal men" are lynched for the horrible crime that is so well known as not to need mentioning. I have never heard of more than one or two women being lynched, and perhaps a like number of children. The great majority of lynchings are of those "more brutal men" guilty of the unspeakable crime.

An article in the June "Contemporary Review" makes this same mistake in reference to the lynching of women and children. This paper, no doubt, contains the sum of the information the English have on the subject; hence their protest and appeal to us is proper. But the paper in the "Contemporary Review" evinces a great misunderstanding of the situation, and is in several places a misstatement of facts.

Finally, I may add that one of the great causes of lynching in America is drunkenness. Having, as best I could, sought the causes of the crime for which lynching is practiced, I have failed to find an instance in which the criminal was not under the influence of liquor. And the mob that lynches is nerved and prepared for this frightful work by liquor. If drinking were stopped, this form of lawlessness would be practically abolished.

In the solution of this problem let the American people take that fact into consideration.

B. A. Abbott,
(Pastor Church of Disciples.)

Charlottesville, Va.

A Word of Gratitude

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I wish to express gratitude to the writer of the article which appeared in the issue of June 23 entitled "A Nation's Shame." Many of us, the children of those parents for whom Whittier and other noble men spoke "when such service was hard," have within ourselves made two confessions: First, that, while we recognize in the advice to work out our salvation unflinchingly and uncomplainingly while cruel blows of proscription fall upon us from every quarter—the Church not excepted—the very essence of heroism, to that sublime point we are not heroic. Next, that we read with sad hearts those burning protests against oppression which were uttered in the days of slavery—for we are fain to think that the spirit which moved those advocates of our fathers' liberty no longer exists, or else that oppression in the form of lynching-trees and Jim Crow cars has lost its identity.

To all such, those strong, impartial utterances in their behalf are extremely gratifying. S. A. C.

More Than One

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of June 23 it is stated that Cornell is the only university supporting a foreign missionary. This statement I know you will be glad to correct when I tell you that our Students' Christian Association (University of Michigan) for three years supported one of its members. Dr. J. S. Grant, as a medical missionary in China, and that in September another member, Mr. O. L. Roberts, goes to the West Coast of Africa as a civil engineer missionary, and his support will come from our society.

Our society is an example of a successful Liberal Christian Association in which Methodist, Unitarian, Episcopalian, Adventist, Congregationalist, and Mormon work together as Christians. There is also no distinction as to sex, and women work with men in office and membership alike. Our Association is also the oldest in America, having been organized in 1858. The only other claimant to this honor is the University of Virginia Y. M. C. A., and we have the testimony of Dr. Briggs to our priority. He was a student at that institution at the time of their association's organization.

F. A. Manny, Gen'l Sec'y S. C. A.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Discoveries by School-Children

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It is said that the surest way to learn is to teach others; but the information a teacher gains is often more entertaining than reliable. The boundaries of knowledge have been extended by some remarkable discoveries recently made by the pupils of a Western school.

Regarding the structure of the eye, one young scientist observes: "The front of the eye is called the Papilla; the point where the light is brought to a focus is the Larynx, and the place where the rays of light is modified is the Trachea." And the same pupil explains the difference in taste between salt and sugar by saying that "salt causes the nerves to contract, and sugar causes them to expand."

Civics and history also came in for their share of original research. One pupil, who found the cause of the Revolutionary War to be "Taxation with Representation," also stated that the Battle of Long Island "took place in the evening just about dark;" and demonstrated the valor of the American soldiers by the statement that in this brief space of time "they drove the British back down to Virginia, and they had quite a struggle for life." Another rising statesman defined the difference between a republic and a monarchy by saying that "in one we elect our own President, and in the other it runs in the family."

New light is thrown on the study of Grecian manners and customs by the interesting discovery that "the victors in the Olympian games won only a crown of olive-oil!"

M. M.

Elk River, Minn.

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The Moslem Theory of Revelation

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The matter of religious teaching in schools is one upon which there is no question in Turkey. In every Protestant school the Bible is one of the text-books, and in the Armenian and Greek schools religious instruction is given by priests through catechisms. So, too, in the Moslem schools of every grade much attention is given to their religion. There lies before me a text-book of one hundred and twenty pages, for Moslem high schools, in which the doctrines and rites of their religion are set forth. There are six leading articles of faith, viz.: Belief in God, in angels, in the books which God has sent, in his prophets, in the Day of Judgment, and in fate, or God's absolute decrees. As the sacred books are the source of the Mohammedan faith, I will briefly state the teaching of this text-book on this subject, and these agree with their standards:

God has made known religious truth and his own will through the Angel Gabriel, by sending books from heaven to the chief prophets, from the time of the first prophet, Adam, to that of the last prophet, Mohammed. Each revelation supersedes the previous one. The Koran is superior to all the rest, because it reveals so fully the character of God and is so profitable for the present life and the life to come, and also because it is the last and best.

The first revelation to Mohammed was sent down on the twenty-fourth of the holy month of Ramazan, and the rest was communicated to him, as occasion required, during a period of twenty-three years. The Koran is the Word of God, eternal and uncreated. "The Word of God is one of his essential attributes, like the other attributes but not the same, and yet not distinct from them. It is written in books, spoken by the tongue, and treasured in the heart, but itself without letters and without sound. Words and sounds are the vehicle by which the Koran is communicated to mankind."

The Koran was introduced among a race of idolaters. The Prophet could not read or write, and yet the Koran has a style so charming, and contains wisdom and knowledge so profound and so much above the Arabs, that it is clearly a miracle. No one was able to produce the smallest passage to compare with it. The Koran is a greater miracle than those which were wrought by other prophets, such as Moses and Jesus. It is true, the latter showed God's power at the time by the miracles which they wrought, but those miracles were temporary. They have passed away, and we know them only by report, while the Koran is a living miracle, before our eyes continually and everywhere.

One of the books sent down from heaven was the "*Levrat*" (Pentateuch), which was sent to Moses; but the "*Levrat*" which the Jews and Christians have is not authentic. It contains only laws; nothing about the last things, heaven, hell, etc.

The "*Injil*" (Gospel) was sent down to Jesus; but that which is in the hands of Christians as the basis of their faith, and what they call the four Gospels, is not the holy Gospel which the Koran mentions as sent down to Jesus by the Angel Gabriel. These four so-called Gospels were written in praise of Jesus by four different persons. That by Matthew was written twelve years, that by Luke sixty-three years, that by Mark sixty-six years, and that by John ninety-eight years after the ascension of Jesus. Mark and Luke never saw Jesus, but Matthew and John are reported by tradition to have been among his disciples.

Besides these four Gospels there were many other books called Gospels, but two hundred years after the ascension the priests joined together and made way with all but these four; and these are filled with indefinite things about the "kingdom of heaven," and noisy talks with the Jews. As to divine ordinances and the necessity of religion they contain nothing. In fine, the real *Levrat* and Gospel were lost before the coming of our holy Prophet, and the present existing two books which bear these names are in conflict with one another. We do not say that the true books were in existence at the time of the Prophet and were afterward changed, for the Koran confirms the tradition that they were not then in existence. The true Gospel came down from heaven to Jesus, and was not written by four men.

The *Zebour* (Psalms) was given to David, and this is disposed of in the same way. Many other books have been given to prophets during the past ages, but none of them are now in existence. The only divine revelation now worthy of credence is the Koran.

Alas for the world if this were true! Yet nearly two hundred millions of the human race hold this belief. They do not see the light which comes from the true Word of God. H. N. Barnum.

Harpoot, Turkey.

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Recreation Department The Outlook

Suggestions for planning a Vacation or a Trip anywhere in the world; *printed information, if issued, concerning any Transportation Line, any Tour, any Hotel, or any Pleasure or Health Resort in any part of the world,* will be sent on request, without charge, to any Outlook reader.

Recreation Department, The Outlook, 13 Astor Place, N. Y.

How to See the White Mountains

If any reader desires to make a tour of the White Mountains, and will indicate what points he especially wishes to visit, the Recreation Department will be glad to lay out an interesting trip, taking in as many of the principal places as is possible in the time proposed. Write, stating the price you are willing to pay for board and the length of time you desire to be away from home. Full printed information as to routes from your home, and points of interest en route, will be sent without charge by return mail. Some of the principal points in the White Mountains are as follows:

Bethlehem, Colebrook, Franconia, Jefferson, Littleton, Profile House, Flume House, Crawford House, Mt. Washington, Jackson, North Conway, Glen House, Center Harbor, Connecticut Lake, Holderness (Ashland), Laconia, North Woodstock, Sugar Hill, Fabyan's, Intervale, Gorham, Whitefield, Mont Vernon, Plymouth, Lisbon, Lower Bartlett, Twin Mountain, Mt. Washington.

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Canada

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is becoming the popular summer resort of this Continent. Tourists express surprise and delight with the climate, scenery, temperature, etc. Thermometer (at Yarmouth) averages 67 in the middle of the day during July and August. The new Grand Hotel opens July 2d. It will be the finest house in the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Charles T. Wilson, late manager of Glen House, White Mountains, will conduct it. Send for circulars. Grand Hotel, Yarmouth, N. S. (Only 17 hours from Boston by direct boat.)

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Absolutely healthful; very accessible; superior accommodations; home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER RESORT,
ALWAYS COOL AND NO MOSQUITOES

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A delightful combination of seashore and country life at the Pequot. Furnished cottages to rent for the season. Send for terms and circulars. BLANCHARD & HAGER.

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Maine

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CUSHING'S ISLAND, MAINE

The highest, healthiest, and most charming spot on the coast of Maine. Send for circular.
M. S. GIBSON, Portland, Maine.

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ELIOT, MAINE

Opens for guests June 27, **under its original manager,** Miss M. Daniell, of the Rumford Kitchen, World's Fair, Chicago, and late of University of Chicago. Circulars on application. Miss M. DANIELL, Eliot, Maine.

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Fine location. Good rooms and table. For circular and terms address LYNAM & CAMPBELL, Seal Harbor, Maine.

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Are you interested? If so, write for information about The Prescott, on Swampscott Beach, Lynn, Mass.

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Located on the highest point in town; wide lawns thorough heating for late guests; accommodates 150.
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Carriage will meet train leaving New York 9 A.M. those days.

THE NEW ENGLEWOOD
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New York

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Centrally located. A pleasant house for Tourists.
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We are glad to have you extend the courtesy of the Recreation Department to your friends. The more the Recreation Department is used during the coming months, the better service it can render and the larger its success. Don't hesitate to write if you want any information as to a place to spend the summer vacation. We can and will help you.

Recreation Department, The Outlook,
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New York

BLUE MOUNTAIN HOUSE Blue Mountain Lake N. Y.

TYLER M. MERWIN, Proprietor. Finest view of Lakes and Mountains in the ADIRONDACKS. Good boating and fishing. Free from Hay Fever. Open all the year. Terms reasonable. Send for circulars.

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CORNWALL, N. Y.—Pleasant rooms; good table; well-shaded grounds; rates reasonable.

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Elevated location, 1,200 ft. above sea-level, overlooking the beautiful Genesee Valley.
Personal Care of experienced Physicians. All valuable forms of treatment. Provision for rest, recreation, and amusement.
Elegant **fire-proof** main building and twelve cottages. Asphalt Roof promenade. Steam heat, open fires, electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph, telephone. Cuisine under supervision of Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, of Chautauqua Cooking School.
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New York

"THE ONTIO"

The New Inn at Unadilla, Otsego Co., N. Y.

So unknown to fame is the historic town of Unadilla that when, in response to the question, "Where are you going this summer?" the reply was, "To Unadilla," the surprised inquiry invariably came, "*Where* is Unadilla?"

And yet, in two volumes by the editor of the venerable "Journal of Commerce" the history of this little town is related. In those volumes the modern questioner will will learn that Unadilla was the headquarters of General Brandt when he organized the "Massacre of Cherry Valley." Brandt was a *very* black Indian, but nevertheless he was a graduate of the English University of Oxford; he held domestic relations with Johnstone, who commanded Oneida Castle, and he was father-in-law of an English General! Would it not be well for the "stars" of our recent "commencements"—young men and maidens—to take a little post-graduate course of Revolutionary history before they again ask, in such surprised tones, "Where is Unadilla?"

But it is with the history of to-day that we have to do. Where once the bloody Indian trail swept along the lovely banks of the Susquehanna, the "iron horse" of modern transportation now runs its rapid course! Where stood the tent of the wily Brandt as he donned his tomahawk and war-paint now stands a beautiful, typical village, with a main street two miles in length, bordered by giant maples and elms that look as if the foliage of their younger days might have waved over the old Indian chief.

At this point an iron bridge spans the river, and on the bluff immediately on the opposite side has risen, almost by magic, within the last year, an Inn which must become a favorite resort of the tired winter dwellers of our large cities. Built with unusual regard to comfort, the rooms of this Inn give *space*, ventilation, liberal appointments of furniture, and (what the French regard as the first requisite) *comfortable beds;* while an atmosphere of *home* pervades the entire house and its administration.

Perhaps it is not strange that this new "Ontio" Inn should give such promise of becoming a favorite resort when it is known that the Proprietor (who is also the Manager) is Mr. Albert A. Le Roy, who for twenty years has been connected with the Mohonk House, and whose unfailing patience in the discharge of his arduous duties has won for him the many friends who now wish him Godspeed in his new home.

The unusual beauty of the spot must soon indorse the choice of the location of "The Ontio." The beautiful Susquehanna, with its graceful bends, its islands carpeted with ferns, its fords, and its wooded banks, gives every opportunity for boating and fishing; while the walks and drives call forth unceasing exclamations of surprise at the giant maples and elms, the beautiful flora, and the rabbits, the squirrels, and the birds that continually cross one's path.

In short, it is a *fresh* departure in every way for the tired citizen, and, with its access facilitated by *two* railroads, the new Inn cannot fail to become also a favorite country *home*. H. P. C.

Niagara Falls, N.Y. TOWER HOTEL.—New and thoroughly modern. 3-story fireproof house, opp. Prospect Park Rates, $2.50 a day. R. SINCLAIR.

May 1st —— Nov. 6th

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The hotel curiosity of the nineteenth century. Situated on the peak of Dutchess County. Two and one-half hours from New York, via N. Y. Central R. R. Elevation, 1,000 feet. Dry air. Fine roads and livery. Extended views. Orchestra, ten pieces, three times daily. Trains leave New York 7:40 and 10:40 A.M. and 3:45 P.M. Terms reasonable. New York office, 367 Fifth Ave. Apply for terms and prospectus to H. H. VALENTINE, Manager, Millbrook, N. Y.

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The largest of the leading Summer Hotels, with a patronage of the highest order, situated in the beautiful Franconia Notch, which possesses many points of attraction unequaled in New England. Open June 26th to Oct. 1st. For rooms address, until June 15th, C. H. Greenleaf & Co., Hotel Vendôme, Boston; later, Taft & Greenleaf, Profile House, N. H. Also

The Flume House in Franconia Notch, five miles from the Profile House Most desirable for families and parties wishing for a long season in the Mountains. Open June 1st to October 20th.

(*For other advertisements in this department see following page.*)

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Mr. George B. Holmes, Liberty, N. Y., will be glad to tell the disadvantages and advantages of the **WALNUT MOUNTAIN HOUSE** as a summer home. Transient rates, $2.50 to $3 per day.

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Quaker Hill, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

Season opens June 20.
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Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

A popular resort for health, change, rest, or recreation all the year. Elevator, electric bells, steam, sun-parlor, and promenade on the roof. Suites of rooms with baths. Dry, tonic air. Massage, Electricity, all baths and all health appliances. Saratoga waters. Croquet, lawn tennis, etc. New Turkish and Russian baths. Send for illustrated circular.

SILVER BAY ON LAKE GEORGE. Most charming location; modern house, accommodates 100. Moderate prices. Booklet sent. J. J. WILSON, Silver Bay, N. Y.

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DELAWARE WATER GAP, Pa.—Croasdale's Farm House. Open from May till November. Fresh milk and vegetables from farm. Large rooms; shady lawns; livery. E. T. CROASDALE.

WATER GAP HOUSE Delaware Water Gap, Pa. A mountain resort on a spur of the Blue Ridge; healthful and beautiful; hotel modern and complete; water from mountain springs in bedrooms. Three hours from New York by D., L. & W. R. R. $16 per week in June and October; $18 in July, August, and September. Opens June 11, 1894. L. W. BRODHEAD.

Water Gap Sanitarium High and dry among the mountains, near the celebrated Delaware Water Gap. Dry, clear, bracing air. No swamps; no malaria. 35 years' experience. We treat all forms of sickness, and cure with excellent success the hardest cases. Use no drugs. Terms reasonable. Address for further information WATER GAP SANITARIUM, Minsi, Monroe Co., Pa.

Walter's Sanitarium

WALTER'S PARK, WERNERSVILLE, PA.

Easiest of access; most delightfully located; for air, water, and scenery unequaled. Terms exceptionally low for first-class accommodations. Send for catalogue. ROBT. WALTER, M.D.

HIGHLAND DELL HOUSE.—Open May to November; on Spur of Blue Ridge, between Delaware Water Gap and Stroudsburg; elevation, 1,300 feet; house heated by steam; capacity, 125. For circulars and rates address J. F. FOULKE, Stroudsburg, Pa.

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FOUNTAIN SPRING HOUSE WAUKESHA, Wis. The famous mineral spring water of the world. Rates, $15 per week and upwards. A. S. LEE.

The OUTING NUMBER of The Outlook

is of value as a guide to those planning a summer trip or vacation. It will be sent on receipt of ten cents in stamps.
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13 Astor Place, New York.

TRAVEL

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These new tourist resorts are best reached by the splendid modern-built steamers "Olivette," "Halifax," and "Florida," of the **Canada Atlantic** and **Plant Line**, the only direct route from Boston. Write or apply for rates, sailings, tours, etc., to J. D. HASHAGEN, Room "A," 261 Broadway, New York; RICHARDSON & BARNARD, Agents, 20 Atlantic Ave., Boston, or Recreation Dept., The Outlook.

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THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD OF CHURCH FURNISHINGS
OPERA AND ASSEMBLY CHAIRS.
THE GRAND RAPIDS SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.
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BEST & CO

Liliputian Bazaar.

Bathing Suits, Caps and Shoes—Wading Drawers to protect the clothes of small children on the beach—Safety Swimming Jackets, enable beginners to learn to swim easily without risk, as well as everything else needed for the children's outing.

Special Boys' fancy stripe Jersey Bathing Suits.—6 to 14 yrs., 95c.
MISSES' flannel Bathing Suits, with skirts, all wool trimmed with braid—Sizes 6 to 12 yrs., $1.95. 13 to 16 yrs., $2.15.

Catalogues furnished on application.

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is cheaper and easier than paying a dentist.

THE **PROPHYLACTIC Tooth Brush** is the only common sense Tooth Brush ever made. As it's name implies, it is a preventive of disease. In use, follow directions. Universally approved by dentists. Sold everywhere, or 35c. by mail, postpaid. *An instructive book about the teeth, free.*

Florence Mfg. Co., Florence, Mass.

The Special Pastor's Edition of The Plymouth Hymnal

will be ready for sale on July 18th. It contains, besides the Chants, Orders of Service, Responsive Readings, Indexes, etc., found in the ordinary edition, an Index of Foreign Hymns, Biographical Indices of Authors and Composers, and a Topical Index—eighty-seven additional pages in all.

The price of the Special Pastor's Edition, intended for use in the pulpit and at the organ, bound in full levant, with gilt edges, is $6.50 per copy, postage prepaid. Bound in half-leather, cloth sides and red edges, the price is $2.25, postage prepaid.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 13 Astor Place, N. Y.

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

New Series of The Christian Union

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Letters should be addressed:
THE OUTLOOK,
Clinton Hall, Astor Place,
New York.

About People

—The names of the late President Carnot's three sons are, Sadi, who is now an infantry officer; Ernest, who is a member of the merchant marine; and François, a pupil-engineer in the Paris École Centrale. Madame Carnot is a daughter of the political economist Dupont-White, and is a distant connection of the Comte de Paris.

—The new President of Bates College, Professor George Colby Chase, was born in 1844. He was a farm boy, with only a few weeks now and then at the country school. Nevertheless, in the end he had so thoroughly trained himself that he graduated from Bates at the top of his class. Four years later he became Professor of English Literature there.

—The new Lord Chief Justice of England is the first Romanist since the Reformation ever to attain this exalted distinction. In 1872 he became Queen's Counsel, in 1880 he went into Parliament, and six years later was made Attorney-General for the first time. His salary will now be ten thousand dollars more than that received by the President of the United States. Lord Russell is sixty-one years old.

—The Rev. Dr. Henry Carrington Alexander, who has just died, was the eldest son of the late Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander, who was for many years the pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, and grandson of the Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, who was one of the founders of the Princeton Seminary. The first pastoral charge of all three Alexanders was the same, namely, at Charlotte Court-house, Va.

—Richard Strauss's first opera, "Guntram," has just been produced at Weimar, in the beautiful little theater reconstructed on the same plan as the original one, which was burned, and in which Goethe and Schiller saw their works given. Like Richard Wagner, Richard Strauss is his own poet, and challenges as much admiration by his text as by his music. His epic "Guntram" has the highest poetic value, but it has one cardinal and perhaps fatal fault—it is not dramatic.

—Colonel William M. Singerly, of Philadelphia, who has just been nominated for the Governorship by the Democrats of Pennsylvania, did his party great service in 1877, when he bought the Philadelphia "Record," then a weakling with a daily circulation of less than six thousand copies, and made it the principal one-cent paper of the Quaker City, with an average daily circulation of over one hundred and sixty thousand. This is the more noteworthy since of all our great cities Philadelphia is perhaps the most strongly Republican.

—The activity at a great age of such men as Gladstone, Bismarck, and Pope Leo brings to mind many other names of well-known characters. In this country we have Dr. Holmes, eighty-five, and General Neal Dow, ninety years old. In France the ex-Premier, M. Jules Simon, is eighty years of age. In England Mr. George Miller and Archdeacon Denison are eighty-nine, Earl Grey is ninety-one, and Mr. C. P. Villiers, the "Father of the House," ninety-two. It is related of Sir Harry Verney, who has just died, that when he was ninety years old he ran a race with some friends, all over seventy years of age, and came out ahead.

—Mr. Edward Windsor Kemble, the well-known book-illustrator, is a son of the late Colonel E. C. Kemble, a pioneer in Pacific coast journalism, and was born in Sacramento, Cal., in 1861. His negro sketches, which have appeared in "Life" and other papers and magazines, have made him famous, as have his drawings for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and for the books of Messrs. Joel Chandler Harris and Richard Malcolm Johnston. It is said that at present Mr. Kemble's greatest ambition is to make a worthy record in illustration of the Dutch period in New York's history. The artist's home is in Rochelle Park, on the outskirts of New Rochelle, N. Y.

—The father of the Prime Minister of France, M. Charles Dupuy, was a deputy sheriff, and his mother kept a tobacco-shop. M. Dupuy owes his education to the foresight and liberality of his aunt, who was the housekeeper of Count Benedetti, the notorious envoy of Napoleon III. Through her good offices he obtained a scholarship at an academy, and became so proficient in study that he was urged to take up teaching as a profession. He did so, and finally rose to be head master. In 1885 he was elected a Deputy, and his oratorical powers became quickly known, as did his remarkable executive ability and firmness. These qualities have only been emphasized by his service in the Ribot Cabinet and by his two terms as Prime Minister.

—The Rt. Hon. Sir Austen Henry Layard, the eminent Assyriologist, whose death has just been announced, was born in 1817. After a course in law he set out on his Oriental explorations, and his valuable discoveries now enrich the archæology of the British Museum. He may justly be called the rediscoverer of Nineveh. He was attaché to the Constantinople Embassy from 1849 to 1852, when he became Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, an office he held again from 1861 to 1866. During 1855–56 he had been Lord Rector of Aberdeen University. In 1868 Mr. Gladstone made him his Chief Commissioner of Works, in 1869 he became Ambassador to Spain, and from 1877 to 1880 he was Ambassador to Turkey, during which time he negotiated the treaty which secured Cyprus to England.

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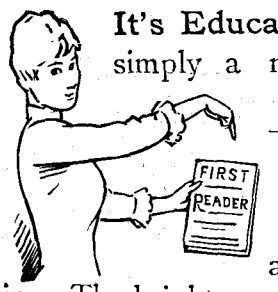

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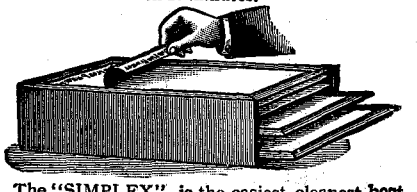

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The Business World

The Strike

Nothing could be more truly surprising or gratifying than the fact that, in the face of the anarchy at Chicago, paralyzing twenty railways, the market for securities has stood firm. True, there are holders who are always easily frightened, but the market as a whole has evinced a strength which shows far more eloquently than words the profound confidence which the majority of investors have that order will be maintained by the Government. Pullman stock has declined less than five points during the week, and stands at 155; Burlington has fallen but two, to 75; and C. C. C. & I. two, to 34. The other declines of railways affected were actually less than one point each. St. Paul holds its own at 59, Rock Island at 66, and Northwestern at 104. If the immediate stock market has not suffered much, general industrial conditions have been terribly injured. Increasing numbers of workers in many industries besides transportation are out of employment, one-third of our railway mileage is tied up, one-half of our commerce is being obstructed, manufactures are throttled because of sympathetic strikes or through fuel famine, while producers, shippers, and laborers alike are sorely afflicted. Fruits, vegetables, and meats are stopped in transit and are rotting. Prices of provisions and of iron have advanced. Aside from the abiding faith of the people that the strong arm of the law will be upheld, very favorable conditions to a rise in prices have now come about, and have done much to sustain the market. They are found in the evident progress on the tariff question, in the lessened gold exports, in the improved Treasury outlook, and in the greatly augmented internal revenue receipts, to which the present month will add a large share.

The Money Market

Two surprising items appeared in the New York City bank statement for last week, one of a loan expansion of nearly fourteen millions and the other an increase in deposits of over fifteen millions. These expansions are due in great measure to the fact that for the first time the returns of the National Union and the Liberty National Banks are included. The borrowing by a great corporation, the calling in of loans held against July interest payments, and the temporary loan to Chicago banks, account for the rest. Cash resources show an increase of over $1,000,000, due to Treasury disbursements and currency receipts from the interior. A further diminution of the excess reserve of more than two and a half millions leaves the surplus held above legal requirements still at the enormous total of over $72,000,000. Money on call continues to loan at 1 per cent. Money on time shows a tendency to harden, but rates can still be quoted as at 1 per cent. for thirty days, 1½ for sixty, 2 for ninety, 2½ for four months, and 3 for longer periods. Mercantile paper is now at 3 per cent. for sixty to ninety day indorsed bills receivable, 3 to 3½ per cent. for commission-house names four months to run, 3½ to 4 per cent. for the best four to six months' single names, and 4½ to 5½ per cent. for others. Foreign exchange is firmer at $4.87½ to $4.88 for sixty-day bills and $4.89 to $4.89½ for sight. Something over a million in export gold went abroad last week, making the net exports since January 1 over $60,000,000.

The Bank of England

"As sound as the Bank of England" is a time-honored phrase, which, however, has recently lost somewhat of its force. In 1890, when "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street"—as Londoners call the Bank—took up the Baring assets, there was apparently as much of the *alma mater* feeling about her as ever in the financial world. But in the "City" part of London they do not love the Bank so much as before the recent doubts sprang up as to its management. Sensational articles, inspired by the discovery that the cashier had committed grave irregularities, appeared last winter, and produced a temporary scare. No official explanation was forthcoming until the recent half-yearly meeting, when it was stated that the loss would be covered by a million dollars—a serious enough affair for any institution which did not have on hand nearly $200,000,000 in coin and bullion (the largest amount the Bank ever held), and with a reserve of 70 per cent. of its liabilities. The dismissal of Mr. May, the chief cashier (without whose familiar signature Bank of England notes will hardly seem right), justly emboldened the critics, but they have been impotent to affect the great institution's splendid credit. It is true, however, that the Bank needs a modernizing which would help its present anomalous relation to the market. The great thing, of course, is to maintain the ultimate cash reserve of the United Kingdom at its proper level, and this the Bank of England has not adequately accomplished. As custodian of the reserve, and responsible for its maintenance, the institution has not been quick enough in obtaining command over the market when the reserve had been reduced by the withdrawals of export gold, though it should be said that the joint-stock banks now see the advisability of always supporting the Bank of England in checking such withdrawals when the reserve is low. As to the present condition of the Bank itself, its weekly statements are enough to allay any possible anxiety. Even if it lost nearly all its own reserve, it could still meet every liability to its depositors by an over-issue of notes, being thus empowered by a Letter of License from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Bank's two hundredth birthday occurs this month. It is also just thirty years since the Charter Act was passed by Sir Robert Peel, when the monopoly of a note-issue was practically given to the Bank of England. For every note issued there is a separate credit opened. When it comes back, the credit is closed. More than 50,000 are canceled daily; thus the exact number outstanding is always known. As to the manufacture of those notes, the water-mark dies, the printing-plates, the printing itself, in fact everything but the making of the paper, is done in the Bank buildings, which cover nearly four acres. The annual wages bill is $1,500,000, and about $250,000 a year is paid out in pensions.

Railway Net Earnings and Dividends

Retrogression in railway returns has been significant enough in the monthly statements of gross earnings, to which we have already called attention. It is now further emphasized by a record of the net earnings for April of 147 roads, which the "Financial Chronicle" has just published. This list does not include the New York Central, Northwestern, Great Northern, Missouri Pacific, nor Northern Pacific, whose returns are not yet received. In January the net loss was nearly 9 per cent. as compared with the corresponding month last year, in February it was 16½ per cent., in March 17¼ per cent., and now April makes the percentage 22.37 per cent. As the downward movement, accentuated by the disorganizing labor troubles, only increased in force during May, we may look for the heaviest losses yet reported in both gross and net to distinguish that disastrous month in the business of transportation. No road has shown such retrenchment in expenditures as has the Burlington. On a loss of half a million in gross during April this company reduced its expenses over $600,000, thus actually giving a gain of nearly $116,000 net. Although other roads practiced extreme economy, none were able to make such a remarkable showing. The principal decreases in April net earnings were those of the Pennsylvania (over $600,000), followed by the Atchison, Union Pacific, Erie, Reading, and Canadian Pacific. Still more significant is the dividend record for the half-year, the amount of stock receiving no dividends at all being over 60 per cent. of the total amount outstanding. Leaving out the roads which have gone into receivers' hands, and where the stock dividends are perforce stopped, there has been much cutting by many solvent concerns of the long-accustomed rates. Even the Pennsylvania is forced to omit its extra dividend of 2 per cent., while so long-established a rate as that of the New York and New Haven's 10 per cent. must be reduced to 8. Boston and Maine dropped from 8 per cent. to 6; Richmond and Petersburg, and Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac, from 7 to 6; St. Paul and Duluth preferred, and Boston, Revere Beach, and Lynn, from 7 to 5; Pennsylvania and Northwestern from 6 to 2; Long Island from 5 to 4; Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore from 4 to 3; Worcester, Nashua, and Rochester from 3 to 2, and Fitchburg from 2 to 1. Lehigh Valley, Louisville and Nashville, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, New York, Susquehanna, and Western, Toledo and Ohio Central common, and Central Pacific, seem to have deserted the dividend record entirely. There is an even more depressing side to the situation, however, and that is in the case of roads which still pay dividends at all, either at regular or at reduced rates. In spite of wonderful economy, shareholders have the uneasy feeling that their dividends are not paid out of actual earnings, nor even out of an accumulated surplus income, but out of borrowed money.

Peaches

So far this has been a disastrous season for peaches as compared with last year. Conditions are reflected in the last report of the statistician of the Department of Agriculture. Percentages on June 1 were as follows:

State.	1893.	1894.
New Jersey	104	65
Delaware	93	15
Maryland	93	21
Virginia	63	15
Georgia	82	7
Ohio	74	43
Michigan	86	70
California	83	85

Lake Harbors and Grain Transportation

In the "Engineering Magazine" for June Mr. George Wisner presents an interesting survey of harbor improvements in the United States. He claims that these improvements extend only over a period of about ninety years, and that they have cost upwards of $250,000,000. Of this sum about $40,000,000 has been spent in improving the harbors of the Great Lakes. In regard to this special province Mr. Wisner says:

> The average extent that the lake harbors and connecting waterways have been deepened is approximately eight feet, at an average cost of $5,000,000 for each foot gained in depth. This may seem somewhat expensive, but, when the cost is considered in connection with the benefits derived, it is a mere bagatelle. Prior to 1871 the ruling depth of lake ports and connecting channels in the United States was about eleven feet, which was then increased to thirteen feet. In 1873 the depth was increased to sixteen feet. The freight rate on grain from Chicago to Buffalo before the channels were deepened averaged about eight cents per bushel, but the rate has since decreased to less than two cents. The grain delivered at Buffalo in 1892 amounted to 182,000,000 bushels, on which the cost of transportation was $11,000,000 less than it would have been with the freight rates prevailing before the channels were deepened. Since the grain freight amounts only to about one-fourth of that affected by the cheaper rates, it is evident that the amount saved to producers in a single year is nearly as much as the entire improvements of lake channels and harbors have cost. The rapid growth of American commerce, the vast coast-line to be improved, and the limited funds to be had for such purpose, created a demand for immediate results at small expense, which in many instances has necessitated the construction of works of a temporary character. The replacing of such works with permanent structures, which will at the same time increase the harbor facilities, are problems well worthy of careful consideration.

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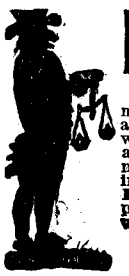

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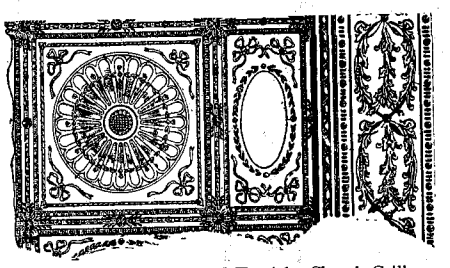

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